Euthanasia contemplation

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MARTLET

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LET'S BLEED AGAIN

STARTS PAGE SIXTEEN

DAN HARDER PHOTO

City creates fund for affordable housing

by Sean Patrick Sullivan

City council has approved the creation of a trust fund for affordable housing in Victoria, but the exact details for the project are still unknown.

What is known is that the Victoria Housing Trust Fund will receive an annual contribution of $250,000 from the city's GST rebate, which Mayor Alan Lowe says will "help open the door to affordable housing in our community."

What isn't known is how it will be spent, who will control the funds, and what effect the trust fund will have on Victoria's expensive housing market.

The Capital Regional District (CRD)—an area that encompasses Victoria, Sooke, Sidney and other municipalities in the area—has about 44,000 apartments, said Henry Kamphoff, executive director of the CRD Housing Corporation.

At under one per cent, the vacancy rate is among the worst in the country.

A healthy rate, he added, would be three to five per cent.

Practically no new rental accommodations have been built in the CRD since 1974, when federal tax laws made development economically unfeasible.

The city's step toward affordable housing is lauded by Wendy Zink, the staff liaison to the city's Advisory Housing Committee.

"The city's decision . . . is a significant policy step at the local government level," she said.

"It clearly enunciates what the city's intent is on an annual basis."

"Now, guidelines are going to have to be established."

Zink said she was unable to answer questions about how the money might be spent. It will be several months before council determines guidelines for the expenditure of the fund.

The money, Zink said, will not necessarily be put towards rental housing.

Kamphoff said that the contribution is "fairly significant" but will have to be partnered with some other funding and leveraged with funding from the government.

"If you have $250,000 and it's partnered with [other funds], it can be turned into $2.5 million," he said.

"If you're looking to address homelessness, which I believe is their target, then you can do a significant project each and every year for several years in a row."

Despite the lack of direction, Zink says the fund is an important step forward.

"What's really important is that it's created," she said. "It clearly establishes a trust fund and recommends how it gets funded on an annual basis."

Kamphoff said the shortage of housing in the region is "critical." The CRD region has 22,000 households living either in inadequate housing or paying over 30 per cent of their income into housing.

The fund is loosely connected to the efforts of the CRD to establish a regional housing trust fund.

Three hours and a costume

by Bryna Hallam

UVic students are gearing up to go trick or treating this Halloween. But unlike the kids, they'll be calling out "trick or eat."

For the third year in a row, volunteers with Meal Exchange—a national, student-founded registered charity—will be dressing up in costumes and going door to door to collect donations for Victoria food banks such as the Mustard Seed and the University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS) Food Bank.

According to Rebecca Manson, one of this year's coordinators, the group is hoping to improve on last season's total of 180 volunteers and $12,000 worth of donations.

"We've had a wonderful reception," she said, noting that the group probably succeeds because they have so much fun. This year at Club and Course Union Days, 230 people signed up to take part.

Over the past two years, Trick or Eat has generated $60,000 in food from 1,000 students on 17 campuses nationwide.

Meal Exchange was founded in 1993 by Rahul Raj, then a 17-year-old student at Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, Ont. The first program established was Skip a Meal, which facilitates donations of money from student meal plans to purchase food at wholesale prices for people who can't afford it.

Since then, Meal Exchange has expanded to 45 campuses across Canada. In addition to the Skip a Meal and Trick or Eat campaigns, Meal Exchange also runs Clear the Shelves!, a program that provides students with an opportunity to donate food, clothing and furniture to local charities at the end of the year.

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

Non-perishable foods, like pasta and instant-noodle soup, make ideal contributions to food banks.

According to the 2004 Hunger Count, an annual survey of food banks and emergency food banks prepared by the Canadian Association of Food Banks, 84,317 British Columbians used food banks in March alone, an increase of 16 per cent from March 2003. Almost 8,000 more children in the province needed emergency food in 2004 than in 2003, an increase of 41.7 per cent.

The Hunger Report also states that 47.8 per cent of the 550 food banks in Canada have difficulty meeting the needs of their users. The Mustard Seed food bank, the second largest in B.C., estimates that they serve 5,600 people every month.

UVSS chair Joanna Groves says that use of their food bank has been steadily increasing, with times such as the end of the semester seeing the most users.

Data from the 1998-99 National Public Health Survey indicates that 10 per cent of all Canadians live in food-insecure households, but only 22 per cent of those people seek the help of food banks and soup kitchens. In addition, a 2003 report—titled "Perceptions of a Problem"—prepared by Totum Research Inc. revealed that 67 per cent of Canadians are "seriously concerned" about domestic hunger. It was stats like these that prompted Manson to work on the Trick or Eat campaign. "Ninety-five per cent of visits to doctors are due to socio-economic factors such as nutrition," she said. "That's why I got involved."

Anyone interested in joining in the fun can contact Meal Exchange at uvic@mealexchange.com. Volunteers will be meeting Oct. 31 at 5:30 p.m. in the Michele Pujol Room in the SUB. Come in costume and bring your student ID.

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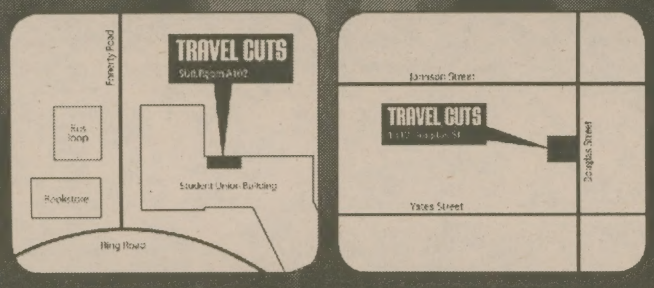

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B.C. students petition Liberals for lower tuition

Filled with more than 38,000 signatures, petitions arrive from universities and colleges around the province

by Matthew Gauk

Grumbling aides at the B.C. legislature hauled off stacks of petitions filled with more than 38,000 student signatures last week after a backroom board meeting between a Liberal MLA and province-wide student unions.

Petitions protested rising tuition costs and demanded that tuition be reduced by more than half, effectively returning fees to their 2001 level.

Joanna Groves, University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS) chairperson, said the Liberal government has created a crisis in post-secondary education.

"The crisis is that tuition fees have doubled in three years, that there are not enough funded spaces in our colleges and universities for the students who need to get an education," she said.

"A lot of students are being shut out simply by the fact that they cannot afford to come."

The meeting marked the end of an almost year-long endeavour dubbed the Bring Tuition Fees Back to Earth Tour by the British Columbia Federation of Students (BCFS). Petitioning started on the Day of Action this past February and continued until recent weeks.

There are over 20 post-secondary schools in B.C., and BCFS spokesperson Lisa MacLeod said every school contributed to the petitions.

The petitions were brought before the legislature and to the attention of a designated representative for each school. UVic students targeted Susan Brice, the MLA for Saanich South, with the hopes of meeting her personally. The lone legislative representative attending the student presentation was North Delta MLA Reni Masi.

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

Organizers were disappointed but mollified by the fact that the presence of some student unions was announced in the House.

"It's good that we got our petition accepted," said Groves, "but an accepted petition does not a policy make."

However, the provincial government is showing ambition and promises to create 25,000 new post-secondary spaces by 2010, what they call "the largest expansion of post-secondary education in B.C. in 40 years."

Groves appreciates the intent, but acknowledges that current students miss out.

"First of all, that's great for students in 2010, but what about the students of today and the students who are graduating from high school next year? It's not going to do anything for them," she said.

The plan, released in March, focuses on reducing post-secondary costs by enabling students to study in their home communities. The government ensures that any high-school student with at least a B average will have the opportunity to attend university close to home.

The Ministry of Advanced Education says on its website that of the 4,000 new seats opening on Vancouver Island in five years, 1,900 of those will be added at UVic. In the Lower Mainland, two-thirds of 3,450 new seats will open at UBC.

"You have to take [this plan] with a grain of salt," said Groves. "We don't know if they're planning on fully funding these seats or if they're going to force universities to increase capacity without funding them."

No one at the Ministry was available for comment.

MacLeod said that per-student funding has dropped by $500 in the last few years so that each individual student now receives less government funding than they did three years ago. MacLeod pointed out that projected seats are not hard-and-fast by any means.

"The projected funding—for these so-called new seats—put forward is only at about half of what average per-student funding is right now. It's a pretty clear indication that the government intends to continue this increase in tuition fees," MacLeod said.

With the current provincial surplus projected at $865 million this year, MacLeod believes the government can afford to restore the grants program that was eliminated last winter

"I think if they continue to ignore the voice of students, they're simply showing that they don't represent the average person in B.C. [and] that they clearly don't understand the barriers that students face," she said.

Groves added to this sentiment when she questioned the motives behind a government advertising campaign and the cost of producing it.

"Instead of investing that money in education so that they can reduce tuition fees and create the space we need so that students can actually get into colleges and universities, they're spending it on trying to convince B.C. that they're actually doing something," said Groves. "It's bullshit."

UVic tuition costs

UVic's operating budget for 2004–05 is $224.7 million. More than half the budget is subsidized by a provincial government grant of $123.8 million. Tuition accounts for 34 per cent of operating revenue. B.C. universities are required by law to balance their budgets.

The following are budget highlights:

- Tuition per term rose to $4,238 from $3,635, a 16.6 per cent increase for arts and science undergrads.
- International students pay 13.6 per cent more and grad students' tuition increased by seven per cent.
- Financial aid has increased by $2,009,500, including a one-time allocation of $900,000.
- Additional seats for 372 full-time undergraduate and graduate students.
- $400,000 for library improvements.
- Rent in family housing increased by 4.9 and 7 per cent.
- Childcare fees increased by 0.98 and 1.14 per cent.
- After-school care increased between 8.6 and nine per cent.
- Parking on-campus increased by an average of 15 per cent.

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We're seeking input from faculty, staff, students, and alumni. Our goal is to describe succinctly what UVic stands for and what differentiates us from other universities. We have engaged Educational Marketing Group consultants to assist us with this.

We encourage you to give us your candid and confidential responses in an online questionnaire—www.emgonline.com/uvic.htm

There will be additional opportunities for involvement as the communications positioning process proceeds. More information about the process is available at www.uvic.ca/stratcommplan. Thank you in advance for your participation.

Faye Wightman
Vice-President, External Relations
University of Victoria

Questionnaire deadline: Friday, November 5
www.emgonline.com/uvic.htm

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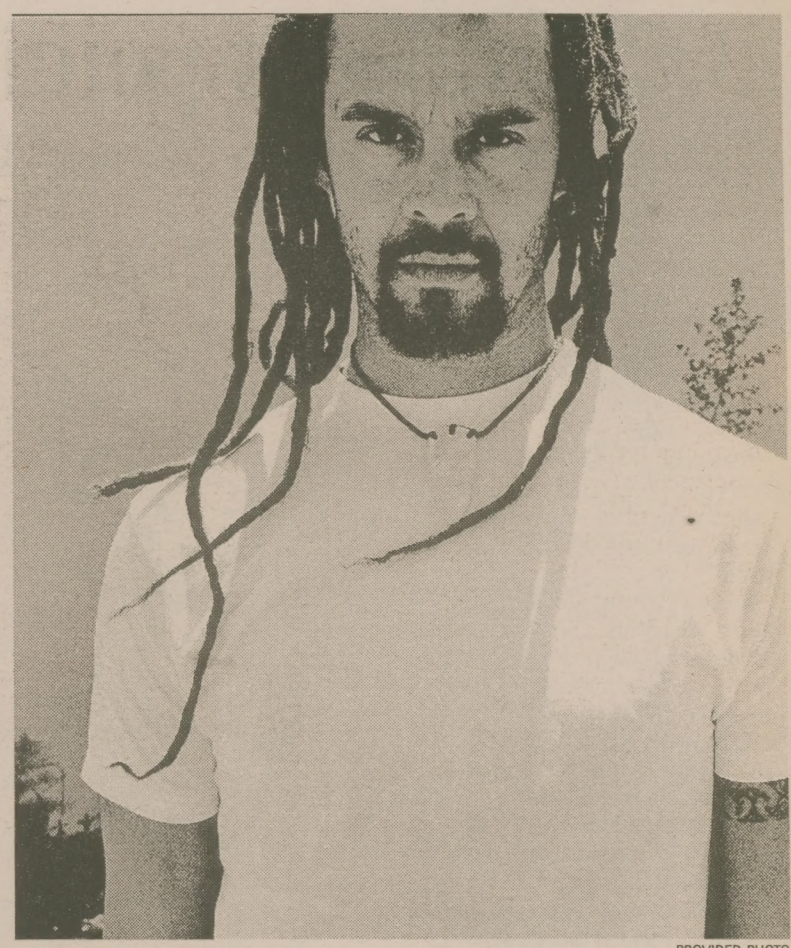
Michael Franti shares the power of the Arabic word *habibi*

by B. Brady



PROVIDED PHOTO

Musician, peace activist, Middle East traveller, Michael Franti visits campus Monday, Nov. 1.

When Michael Franti visited Baghdad in June 2004, the first thing he noticed was the city's sound.

It roared with engine noise from the thousands of diesel generators that have powered the city since the bombing began and electrical and hydro systems were destroyed.

Franti has fronted the group Spearhead since 1994 and shared the stage with acts as diverse as Blackalicious, Dave Matthews, Ani DiFranco, U2 and Rage Against the Machine. Without government sponsorship or the aid of human rights organizations, he travelled to the Middle East with a delegation of peace workers, musicians, artists and filmmakers. Together, they collected hundreds of hours of film footage and took thousands of photographs. Their intention was to see first-hand the effects of the war on all those involved, from Iraqi citizens to U.S. soldiers, and to listen to people and play music for them.

"Song is a magic door opener for me and our delegation," he wrote in the journal he kept during the trip. For example, while in Baghdad, he found that by singing the word *habibi,* which means "my love" in Arabic, he could gain access to bomb sites, women's centres, radio stations and refugee camps—places where access is often restricted to people with cameras.

"[Habibi] is on the lips of people constantly," he wrote. "Kind of like how some Americans might say 'homey' or 'baby,' but it's more than that. It is also 'aloha' and 'I love you.' It is deep, deep affection, and everyone young and old uses it to express their kindness and generosity toward one another."

From civilian casualties to dance parties in the street, Franti sought out and found a Middle East that is seldom seen in the mainstream media.

"It was a journey that broke my heart into a thousand pieces. I am still picking them up and putting them back together," he wrote.

It is a journey that he plans to share with UVic on Nov. 1 in an evening of discussion, spoken word and music. Joining him will be Ndidi Cascade, a local artist and activist against war and occupation. The night will be the first in the UVSS Armed with Understanding lecture series.

Tickets are $7 and are available in the SUB. You must show your student ID to purchase a ticket. The event will be held in the Michele Pujol room.

Name, policy change for campus sexual assault centre

OURSAC is now AVP, the Anti-Violence Project

by Bryna Hallam

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

Meghan Jezewski, a co-ordinator of AVP, says the sexual assault centre's new name reflects its changed goals and mandate.

The Open UVic Resource Sexual Assault Centre (OURSAC) has changed its name to better reflect its goals and mandate.

Now that OURSAC is the Anti-Violence Project (AVP), co-ordinators are hoping the name will clear up any confusion about the group and its work.

"No one knew what OURSAC meant," said Meghan Jezewski, a co-ordinator for AVP. "We realized that we wanted a name that was more representative of what we do."

The name change is accompanied by a slight change in focus as well. The group is working to be more inclusive and less focused on heterosexual relationships. Jezewski notes that dialogue around sexualized violence has centred on violence against women in heterosexual relationships and has tended to be viewed from a white, middle class perspective.

"If you fall outside those categories, if you're queer or trans, or if English is your second language, it's going to be more difficult to access resources," she said.

According to Jezewski, in addition to providing support for survivors of sexualized violence, the group felt they had a responsibility to work for social change within the community.

As a result, AVP's mission statement reads in part that they are "committed to the support and empowerment of women and men who are survivors of sexual assault and/or sexual abuse, and their supporters." The group is also working towards the elimination of all forms of violence.

AVP's largest roles on campus are providing support to adult survivors of sexual abuse and helping students deal with the stresses associated with alcohol, sex and the freedom of being away from their parents.

Jezewski stresses that the services offered by AVP are the same as those offered by OURSAC.

AVP offers on-the-spot support from trained volunteers who, while not counsellors, listen to people and are able to outline options, including referrals to the Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre and UVic's Counselling Services.

In addition to their support services, AVP also provides education outreach to high schools and UVic residences, has a resource library, and organizes educational and awareness campaigns.

A tribute in pictures

Stephen Canning Scholarship fund launched in memory of UVic student

by Ashley Akins

PROVIDED PHOTO

Steve Canning: "When I die, I want people to say I inspired them."

Stephen Canning once wrote, "When I die, I want people to say that I inspired them."

Apparently, he didn't need to worry about that.

On Saturday night, "Mountains Melting: a Photography Exhibit in Memory" raised over $15,000 through donations, raffles and a silent auction—$5,000 more than required to launch the Stephen Canning Scholarship Fund, an annual endowment to provide financial assistance for an environmental sciences student.

"A century from now, someone will receive the Stephen Canning Award," said Dr. Eric Higgs, environmental studies director. "And they will know that there was a man named Stephen Canning."

Stephen Canning, or "Gunt," was an environmental sciences and professional writing student at UVic who lived for adventure and had a passion for mountaineering, photography and writing. He hoped that people would, in his words, "see the world filled with a bit more adventure [and be] a little less afraid to do something that they truly wanted" because of him.

Five months after Canning fell to his death while descending the summit of Mount Logan, people gathered to celebrate his inspiration. A selection of his photography hung from climbing ropes while candles illuminated memories and photos of his life. A band performed, food and drinks were served, and Canning's mock documentary about the sport of grass-skiing was presented. Relatives, friends and professors spoke and toasted the celebration.

Throughout the night, guests bid on a silent auction of Gunt's photography, adventure paraphernalia, gifts and getaways, as well as a raffle for elaborate prizes such as a two-person, all-inclusive surf and hiking package on Nootka Island and an all-inclusive full ski weekend to Shames Mountain, including flights for two, accommodation and ski passes.

Over 60 companies, all of which Canning was involved with, donated their products and services for fundraising.

"The fundraising was incredibly easy because of who Steve was," said Shandell Susin, a friend of Canning and organizer of the night. "Everyone wanted to help out, even without me approaching them."

Entrance donations alone racked in $6,000.

"This night [had] the kind of crazy dignity that I think was Steve," said Higgs.

There was definitely an ambience of energy and laughter.

"We all know that energy is neither gained nor lost. It is simply transferred," explained Susin. "So where did all of Steve's energy go?"

She concluded that Canning is still on Mount Logan and that the mountains are still melting. The mountains feed the rivers, and the rivers feed the oceans.

"His energy is there," she said.

So this transfer of energy and Canning's inspiration became the themes of his first photography exhibit, "Mountains Melting." The photographs depicted stunning landscapes of British Columbian mountains and silhouettes of adventurers.

"He considered photography to be an outlet to inspire us," said Susin. "We wanted to let people see where he saw beauty."

The successful night was a moving tribute of Canning's life and a reminder that he is still a driving force five months after his death.

Through Canning's inspiration, Susin and other friends and family followed Steve's example.

"Steve never had hope," said Susin. "Instead, he would just do whatever he wanted to hope for."

Montréal sex workers look to unionize

by Sarah Colgrove

MONTREAL (CUP) — A group of Montréal sex workers and activists is seeking the support of a national union to gain a voice and protect their rights.

"We want to work with the unions," said Jenn Clamen, co-founder of the Committee and Guild for Erotic Labour. "We want unions to push for labour support, which includes pushing for the decriminalization of sex work."

The sex workers' guild is seeking support from the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE), the largest union in Canada, representing more than half a million workers across the country. They have also petitioned the Canadian Labour Congress, an organization that represents 2.5 million workers from 60 national unions, including CUPE.

While the sex workers are still awaiting confirmation, Clamen is optimistic.

"We're in discussion with CUPE right now," she said. "Hopefully within the next few months, we'll know if they're going to do a campaign [for sex workers]."

CUPE has officially endorsed the full decriminalization of sex work in Canada, said Joe Courtney, head of the equality branch of the national union.

"Criminalization is a form of discrimination because it forces sex workers into unsafe working conditions," he said.

"It reinforces the perception that sex workers are non-persons who do not deserve legal protection, and it contributes to the view that sex workers are disposable human beings who deserve to be subjected to discrimination and violence," he added.

The illegality of sex work in Québec is still ambiguous. Although it is not technically illegal to exchange sexual acts for money, it is forbidden to solicit prostitution and to use its profit for personal income.

Valerie Boucher, a project manager at the Montréal-based sex-worker organization Stella, stressed many of the physical dangers sex workers face are due to the lack of legal protection in their work.

"If there's a lot of repression, you're going to take less time to look at the men you're dealing with, and it's going to be more dangerous," said Boucher. "If you work in a strip bar and your boss is abusive, it's hard to know where to go."

Although in 2001 the Canadian Labour Congress passed a resolution putting CUPE at the forefront of the fight for decriminalization, it has yet to make sex workers a priority, said Clamen.

According to Clamen, the main goal of the guild and of CUPE is to ensure sex workers are protected in the same way as members of other labour organizations.

"What we're doing is talking about sex work as work and talking about it within a labour perspective," said Clamen. "Once people do that, then they think about what they can do to improve their working conditions."

"Sex workers should have the same protections as other workers," agreed Courtney. "This includes minimum income, social security . . . freedom from discrimination . . . and the right to union representation."

According to Boucher, one of the main obstacles is the public stigma attached to the work, which denies sex workers their basic human rights.

"We don't necessarily need to decriminalize the sex industry before sex workers are granted fundamental human rights," she said.

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Mother contemplated euthanasia for disabled child

Lavinia Rojas believes preserving life at any cost is not always right

by Kate Thompson

When Lavinia Rojas learned that her newborn daughter was, for 15 minutes, clinically dead, she asked that docotors euthanize the infant. Following complications of a blood transfusion that cut the flow of oxygen to the child's brain, Rojas questioned the quality of life in store for her daugher.

Twenty-four years ago, doctors denied Rojas' request, and her daughter, Tania, is alive today because euthanasia is illegal.

Tania now suffers from severe cerebral palsy, a result of the seemingly short moment that her brain went without oxygen. She cannot talk or move on her own, and she is fed through a tube. Her mental state is on par with a three-year-old, and Tania is regularly in pain from internal muscular failures.

"Every time she changes positions she cries," said Rojas. Since her birth, the 55-year-old mother has taken full responsibilty for the care of her daughter and has written a book detailing the differences of caring for the mildly or severely disabled.

Rojas, who said she has been an advocate of both euthanasia and assisted suicide since she was a young woman, now battles for the rights of others who also believe that preserving life at any cost is not always the right thing to do. She has been a member of the Victoria Right To Die Society (VRTDS) since it was created nearly 20 years ago. With a T-shirt that reads "Life Should Not Be A Sentence," Rojas has since protested at many assisted suicide and euthanasia trials.

Rojas is currently attending the B.C. Supreme Court trial of her friend Evelyn Martens, 74, who was, until recently, the director of membership for the Right To Die Network of Canada.

Martens is facing two charges of assisting or abetting someone to commit suicide, a crime that carries a maximum penalty of 14 years in prison. One of the women who committed suicide was terminally ill with stomach cancer, and the other was suffering from a number of painful medical conditions. Both women had expressed a strong will to die at the time and place of their choosing.

Martens' case has been making national headlines since she was first investigated in 2002. But in March of 2003, Rojas made waves of her own when she took a petition with more than 400 signatures to B.C. Attorney General Geoff Plant, urging him to stop Martens' prosecution. However, Martens is not Rojas' only companion famous for helping someone die.

Rojas is also a friend of Robert Latimer, the Saskatchewan farmer who euthanized his severely disabled 12-year-old daughter, Tracy, over a decade ago.

Latimer, three years into his 14-year jail sentence, is the only person in Canada ever to serve time for euthanasia. Rojas befriended him and offered support after reading about the 1995 case in the news. They shared a special kinship as their daughters both suffered from the same disease and were roughly the same age.

Given the long list of painful medical problems Tracy Latimer suffered as a bed-bound quadriplegic with cerebral palsy, Rojas feels that Latimer did the right thing for his daughter. Tracy's list of symptoms included a twisted spine, malnutrition, seizures, chronic vomiting and the brain function of a four-month-old. The crucial distinction between the two daughters is that Tracy was in chronic pain, required many surgeries, and her frail body could tolerate nothing more than Tylenol.

"The only difference is that my daughter doesn't suffer right now," Rojas said, referring to a major improvement in her daughter's health since she began taking new medication a few years ago.

Despite their common understanding, Rojas said her visits to see Latimer have been tense lately because he refuses to apply for prerogative mercy. Unless Latimer makes a statement to the court saying that he's sorry for what he did and that he regrets it, he will likely serve at least 10 years of his full sentence.

"Many times we argue. He gets angry and I get upset," she said.

Rojas added that if he asked for mercy, there's a good chance he would get out of jail much sooner.

"He doesn't want to say he's sorry because he feels what he did was right. Of course I don't want him to admit it because what he did wasn't wrong, but he has a family to think of." Latimer has a wife and three other children.

At the moment, Rojas is busy taking care of her daughter and is challenging the B.C. government on a policy that prevents parents who stay home to care for their severely disabled children from receiving the salary that would otherwise be paid to a professional who might care for their child in a group home.

There are those who say it's not for parents to decide whether a child who can't speak for themselves should be euthanized. Rojas said they shouldn't have to, but sometimes parents act because they feel their children need to be helped.

"In these cases where there is so much pain, a court should decide." Rojas said she would like to see the disabled community, doctors, nurses and the family come together to make the hard decisions, because no parent should have to make a decision about the life or death of their child alone.

"I don't think I could do it," she said. "These things are important because nobody talks about them. It's taboo."

Rojas is concerned with the way anti-euthanasia and anti-assist groups have been creating fear among the disabled and aging populations.

"It is my suspicion that some people have brainwashed some members of disabled groups and have put it in their heads that if euthanasia is legalized, they're all going to be killed. I'm afraid that people think legalizing euthanasia will lead to pushing people to commit suicide." She cited an example from the Netherlands, where doctor-assisted suicide is now legal, and said that it proves how mistaken anti-assist/euthanasia groups are.

"Do you see handicapped people being killed there?"

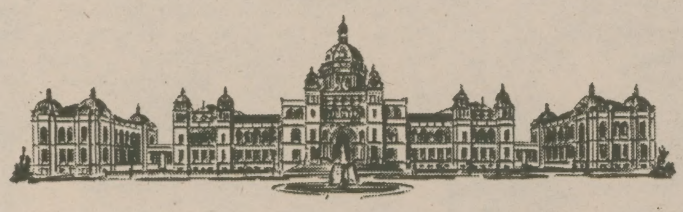
It seems that Canadians are more likely to side with Rojas these days than with her opposers.

A Gallup poll in 1995 showed that 75 per cent of Canadians support doctor-assisted suicide.

KATE THOMPSON PHOTO

"Everytime she moves position, she cries," said Lavina Rojas of her daughter Tania.

B.C. LEGISLATIVE INTERNSHIP PROGRAM 2006



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Women recognized as persons for 75 years

Despite nearly a century of advances, women's equality still lacking, say activists

by Michelle Martin

On Oct. 21, the 10th annual Persons Day Breakfast was held in Victoria to mark the 75th anniversary of women being considered persons under Canadian law. It also raised awareness of women's right issues.

Keynote speaker and Vancouver Sun columnist Daphne Bramham discussed how she believes women's rights are being violated in Bountiful, B.C. where polygamy is not only the norm, but required in order to get into heaven, according to a growing breakaway Mormon sect.

"We've allowed a cult to flourish in British Columbia that's been likened to the Taliban," she said.

Before Bramham's talk, members of West Coast Women's Legal Education and Action Fund (LEAF) explained to the approximately 150 breakfast-goers the importance and symbolism of the event.

One introductory speaker pointed out that a lot of improvement could still be made in the area of women's equality and pointed out that not one female made CBC's top 10 list for "The Greatest Canadian."

This means that more Canadians nominated outlandish hockey commentator Don Cherry and John A. McDonald, Canada's best known drunk, than nominated Nellie McClung, a member of the Famous Five, which prompted the very event that the breakfast was celebrating.

The event being commemorated was the Oct. 18, 1929, declaration by the Privy Council in Britain—Canada's highest court of appeal—that women were persons under the British North America Act. The decision came after the Supreme Court of Canada had unanimously denied the amendment. Prior to the historic decision, which affected all countries in the British Empire, women could vote and run for office, but they were ineligible for the Senate because the word "persons" in the act was interpreted to refer only to men.

"It's hard to believe that Canadian women have only been legally deemed to be persons for 75 years. Hard to believe that women's rights were not guaranteed until the Charter of Rights and Freedoms was approved 22 years ago," said Bramham.

West Coast LEAF is a non-profit society founded in 1985—the same time as National LEAF—that believes that just because a government policy doesn't discriminate against certain people explicitly doesn't necessarily mean people's rights are being protected.

Program director Alison Brewen explained that most LEAF work is directly related to the law, and includes working towards law reform, litigation and public legal education.

One specific area of interest to West Coast LEAF is the conflicting rights and freedoms in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Bramham's talk on the religious practices in Bountiful highlighted these conflicts.

"The B.C. government . . . believes that the guarantees of religious freedom under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms trump the individual rights guaranteed to women and men," she said. She noted that one of the leaders of the polygamy sect even has a framed copy of the Charter above the desk in his office because he knows it protects him and other polygamists.

Even though vast improvements have been made in women's rights, the breakfast reminded all in attendance that a lot of work still needs to be done to ensure gender equality and, more specifically, the removal and disappearance of discrimination and disadvantage.

"In the spirit of the persons case, we need to look at the importance of rights," said Brewen. "The case was the beginning of a step towards opening the door."

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

"We've allowed a cult to flourish in British Columbia that's been likened to the Taliban," said Daphne Bramham, right, referring to a Mormon sect in Bountiful, B.C.

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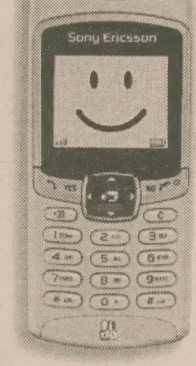

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Women of distinction reach out to young women

by Bryna Hallam

When Eve Gaudet moved to Victoria as a young mother, she felt the need to get in touch with her community. The local YM-YWCA gave her that opportunity.

"The Y has supported me in my own professional development," she said. Now, she said she feels the responsibility to do the same for other women.

That feeling of responsibility led Gaudet to be this year's chair of the Women of Distinction Council Legacy Committee, the group responsible for the Leadership and Mentoring Conference being held Nov. 5–7 at the Harbour Towers Hotel.

The conference, a legacy project of the Y's Women of Distinction Awards, gives young women between 19 and 29 a chance to mingle with what Gaudet calls "wise old crones," or "more seasoned women"—a group that she counts herself among.

"It's an amazing weekend," said Gaudet.

"That many young women with that much energy . . . things take on a life on their own."

The aim of the weekend is to help young women achieve their full potential, build relationships and advocate for themselves and their community.

The conference is $85 including workshops and meals. According to Gaudet, the actual cost is around $350 per person, but thanks to financial support from corporate sponsors, it is available at a much lower price.

"That means it's accessible," said Gaudet. "That's very important to us."

The idea of the conference is to provide a professional development program to women who otherwise wouldn't have access to one. "This particular age group of women is in school or at entry level jobs," said Gaudet. "They are in transition."

Niki Hodgkinson has been involved with the conference from the start, as a participant, volunteer and presenter on mentoring.

"People in this age group are just out of high school, looking for a career, or just entering or leaving university," she said.

The 19-year-old UVic student, a 2003 recipient of the Y's Young Women of Distinction award, said that the conference is a great experience.

"I met a lot of interesting, wonderful people," she said. "It's definitely a place for networking and meeting new people."

Hodgkinson said her mentors—among them Alana Charlton, who is presenting the session on mentoring with Hodgkinson—have played a huge role in her life.

"They helped me get on my feet, find myself and grow into the person I am today," she said.

Along with the session on mentoring, the conference also offers workshops on leadership, volunteering and financial management.

"Different people come and take away different things," said Gaudet.

Hodgkinson agreed, stressing what a great opportunity the conference is. "You never know what you might take away," she said. "It could be so many things."

For more information, call the YM-YWCA at 386-7511 or visit their website at www.ymywca.victoria.bc.ca

BRYNA HALLAM PHOTO

UVic student Niki Hodgkinson presents at the Leadership and Mentoring Conference.

Aboriginal students' tuition to be taxed

by Cosanna Preston

EDMONTON (CUP) —Aboriginal students across the country will be forced to pay a new tax in 2006 as the Canada Revenue Agency has declared their tuition a taxable benefit.

The change is a surprise to Aboriginal students who have received free and untaxed tuition in the past. But according to spokesperson Colette Gentes-Hawn, the government agency is simply rectifying an oversight—Aboriginal students should have been taxed on post-secondary education fees all along.

"It came to our attention that it had been an oversight, that these amounts were indeed taxable, and we are now taxing them," said Gentes-Hawn.

"Starting 2006, they will get a T4A slip . . . for these payments, and students will attach these slips to their income tax returns."

Wally Ardinal, an Aboriginal student at the University of Alberta, is concerned about the repercussions of taxing tuition but welcomed the change as a step toward equality.

"I'd rather be more equal. I think it's a positive step toward equality, but Native people are going to have to be on a tight budget now," he said.

But Ardinal seems to be a lone voice when discussing the taxing situation. Pamela Langan of the university's Aboriginal Students' Council said many Aboriginal students feel they already live on a tight budget without the added burden of an extra tax. While she admits it's less of a problem for her, she knows it could decide whether some people go to school.

"[The tax adjustment] is fair in some aspects, but it depends on whom you're talking to. You have some Aboriginal students who are upset," said Twila Grasser, another council representative.

"Even though we try to maintain some kind of equality, there still isn't. In some aspects, we're still different. We still live on reserves. We still have a stigma against us with things like drinking and low-income housing. [Taxing us] won't make us equal."

But the Canada Revenue Agency (CRA) maintains the social issues surrounding the change are not a deciding factor and it is simply rectifying an oversight.

Diane Wilson, spokesperson for the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs, clarified how the oversight occurred, noting the agency misunderstood why free post-secondary education was extended to Aboriginal peoples, and only treaty rights exempt Aboriginals from taxation.

"From my understanding, the CRA was under the impression that the money provided [for post-secondary education] was provided as a matter of treaty right. In fact, the Government of Canada policy has always been that post-secondary education is as a matter of social policy. So, that was the difference there," said Wilson.

Still, concerns have arisen. A woman from the Dogrib Nation, who wished not to be named because she felt it could threaten her academic reputation, felt the additional tax was further proof of the government refusing to recognize Aboriginal Peoples as a distinct society whose rights need to be protected. She stressed Aboriginal people do pay taxes on some things such as commodities and even land in some cases.

"We make our contributions and the biggest contributions we ever made is that we allowed people to come enter this country. The compensations we've received in return I don't think are equivalent to what we did in the past. So, if we have to also be taxed on our education, what more do they want from us?" she said.

However, the government is determined to move ahead with the taxation. The change will not come into effect until the 2006 tax year—a full year later than initially planned—allowing students to prepare for the change. In addition, the agency stressed most students would not be affected by the change because most full-time students do not make enough money in a fiscal year to be taxed by the government.

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NEWS BRIEFS

Increasing voter turn-on

If Americans want to get laid in the next four years, they'd better vote.

Votergasm, a new campaign aimed at getting young people to vote, is using sex as an incentive.

Americans who sign up can pledge to withhold sex from a non-voter for up to four years until the next presidential election in 2008.

Michelle Collins, campaign spokeswoman, told the BBC that the Internet-based campaign aims to boost voter turnout among young people, as well as promote safe, consensual sex. Collins also said Votergasm is non-partisan and a legitimate tool for mobilizing young voters.

"We think this election is very important and this is the least you can do for your country," said Collins.

Organizers claim that 30,000 people have already signed up to the campaign. "Our goal is to have 100,000 young voters catalyze 250,000 orgasms by November 3," she said.

According to the Votergasm website, "Pledge-fulfilling sex must be consensual, legal and generous. And safe. And hot."

Voters who visit the Votergasm website can choose from three different levels of commitment.

"Votergasm citizens" must pledge to withhold sex from non-voters for a week after election night.

"Patriot-level commitment" requires a voter to have sex with another voter on election night as well as withholding sex from non-voters for a week.

Those who take the most extreme pledge, called "American hero," commit themselves to having sex with another 2004 voter as well as turning down all non-voters until the 2008 vote.

The campaign has been criticized by some, including show host Rush Limbaugh, who says Votergasm is "selling sex for votes."

— B.H.

Waste reduction, schmaste reduction

October 18–24 was declared "Waste Reduction Week" in Victoria. To announce the proclamation, the city sent out press releases by fax.

The proclamation reads in part that "the generation of solid waste . . . [is] recognized as [a] global environmental problem . . . and municipal governments have an important role to play in promoting waste reduction."

In addition to sending the announcement of Waste Reduction Week, the city also sent three others proclaiming Oct. 18–24 "Housing Affordability Week" and "Canada's Citizenship Week." The week of Oct. 24–29 was proclaimed "Ocean Innovation Week."

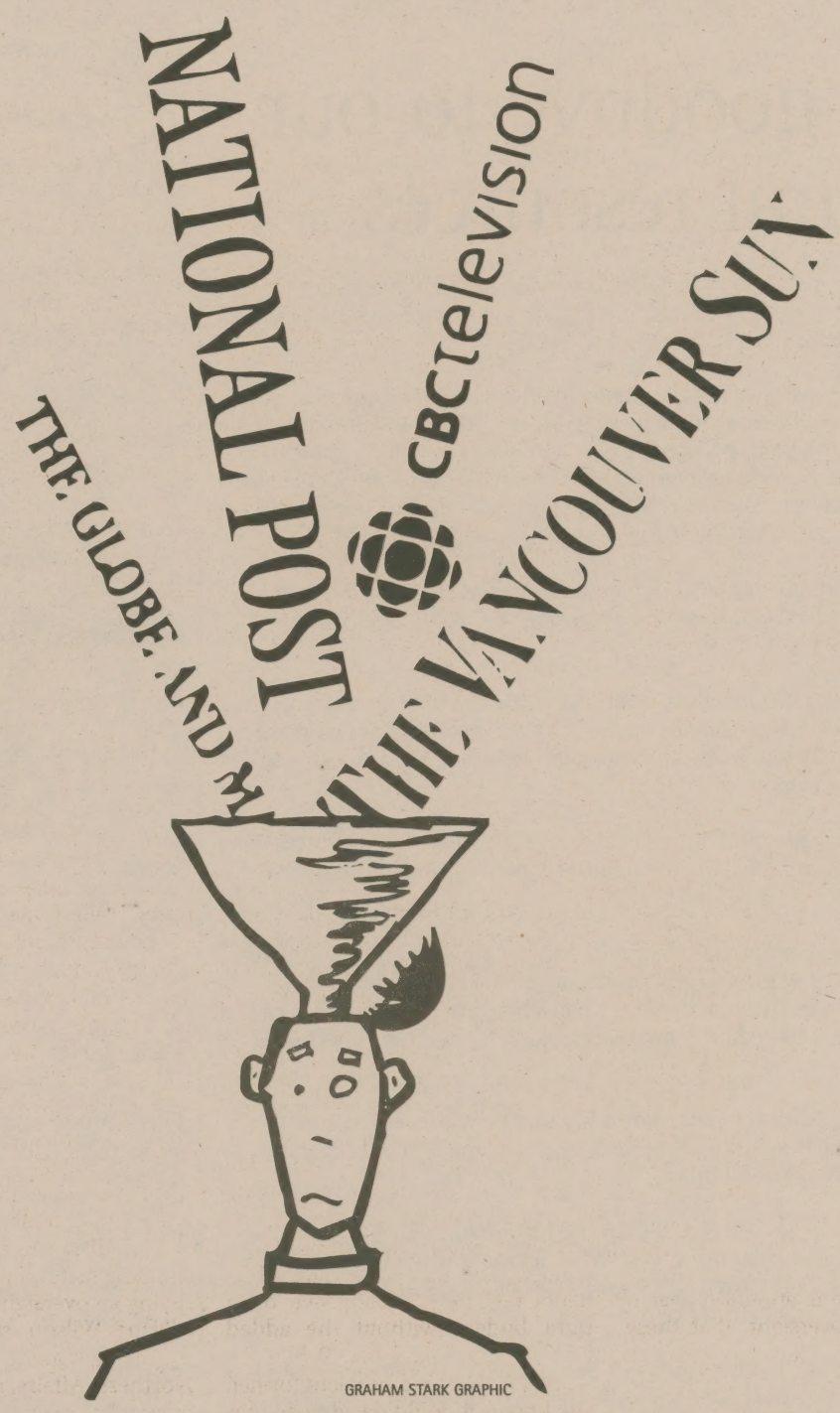
Too bad the pledge to reduce waste didn't include finding a more tree-friendly way to let us know about announcements. Like e-mail, which already exists.

— B.H.

Looking at the changing role of media

Media and scholars come together to look at media concentration, indymedia, and their effect on the face of journalism

by Tim Boultbee



GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

The role of media in Canadian society is rarely debated in public, but at a symposium at Royal Roads University on Oct. 20, a five-member panel aired their views on the deregulation, liberalization and transnationalization of Canada's media.

First to the podium was Tim Walker of *Adbusters*, a Vancouver-based magazine that "sells ideas."

"My generation grew up with corporations," said Walker, adding that we live in privileged times. Yet for all the opportunities, material wealth and entertainment offered by modern society, our air, water and food is polluted. "Part of the blame has to rest with the corporate media system," he said, because it "fails to hold corporations accountable" for their actions.

Corporate media "offers amazing things," Walker said, but it also has weaknesses that the alternative media tries to fill. "People want a media that talks to them, that tackles issues, not current events," he said.

There is also a problem with who gets to run ads in the corporate media and who doesn't. For example, Walker said, *Adbusters* cannot buy ads on the airwaves and has launched a court case to win the same rights to air ads for citizens that corporations enjoy.

"Our case is new ground in challenging freedom of expression," said Walker, adding that a similar suit may be launched in the U.S.

Kirk LaPointe, managing editor for the *Vancouver Sun*, said that there is a "greater diversity than ever" in today's media. For example, he says, we have two national newspapers in Canada instead of one.

Big media has become bigger, said LaPointe, but journalism is more professional, academic, investigative and self-critical nowadays. Despite these advances, however, the public perceives journalism as sloppy, cozy with power, biased and homogenized. "The public doesn't trust us," he said.

"There has never been a golden age of journalism," LaPointe continued, but noted that the quality of journalism is improving as journalists pay closer attention to their audience.

Despite these advances, LaPointe also said that today's media outlets are dominated by hundreds of self-promoting events that cannot be covered because of a lack of resources. Special interest groups are smarter and more sophisticated these days, he said, and this is partly to blame for the overwhelming amount of information that journalists have to try to cover.

According to LaPointe, one of the benefits of having large media outlets is that they have more resources to deal with all this information. Bigger also means a company can withstand economic pressures. "If you are small and you stand against authority, you'll have your oxygen cut off," he said. "[*Adbusters* has] stood up to advertisers and done what we thought we should do," said LaPointe.

LaPointe also outlined some of the challenges facing Canadian media, saying that the industry needs better journalists who are able to look at the big picture and inject context into stories.

Dr. Bob Hackett, a professor of communication at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, addressed the issue of media concentration. "What is at stake is democracy," he said, adding there is no real consensus on what shapes news.

In his opinion, the media needs to counteract power and wealth. Instead, he said, there has been a growing failure by the media in the public sphere and a decline in public interest in media.

What we have today, said Hackett, are "transnational empires and hyper-commercialism," in which media outlets have become part of the corporate system. As such, corporate media outlets self-censor themselves in order not to criticize the system to which they belong. "If you antagonize corporate media, where do you go?" asked Hackett.

The concentration of media leads to a de-politicized monoculture Hackett continued, in which selfishness is encouraged. Furthermore, he added, a concentrated media leads to a loss of "content and resources." As an example, Hackett cited how one book reviewer can be employed and have their reviews run nationally instead of having local content in papers.

In radio, a loss of local programming means that stations can be run from afar. There was an emergency situation in a town in North Dakota, Hackett said, in which authorities tried to warn the public through the local radio station. They tried calling by phone to no avail, so they went to the station only to discover that it was run by a computer, programmed to sound like the operation was locally run.

Questions about media reform and democracy are emerging from many locations, said Bill Carroll, a professor of sociology and anthropology at UVic. These include the alternative media, the women's movement and from within the mainstream media itself.

This media activism, Carroll said, is diverse in its strategy and embedded in other social movements such as peace and justice. The movement cuts across boundaries, he continued, pointing to independent media as an example of a social justice forum in which activists can speak with one another and look at issues from around the world.

Media activism is "not clearly defined," Carroll said. Its focus is on communication and "transgressing political bounds," making democratic media its point.

According to Dr. Jayne Rodgers, a professor of applied communications at Royal Roads University, online media might offer another outlet for independent media. Unfortunately, she says, there is little critique of online media. "There is a notion that if it is not corporate, it is good," she said. "I'm a big supporter of indymedia, but we need to take critical insights to online media."

Rodgers went on to explain that while online media offers a different side to an issue than mainstream media, there are still problems with ownership as people with technological abilities usually control access to the online sites. There is also a problem of stories being buried if they are not viewed as relevant and burnout as few people take the time and energy to run alternative media sites.

Despite these problems, Rodgers said that the online media offers new opportunities for activists and has a good, worldwide distribution network.

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Editorial

Say goodbye to our natural resources

China is rising. Or so says the *Globe and Mail*, which devoted last weekend's broadsheet to a detailed, intimidating exposé on how China is going to crush us.

Beginning with a front page dominated by massive Chinese characters the *Globe*'s overwhelming issue focused on everything and anything to do with China, from buying a home in the nation of 1.3 billion people to a review of Canadian bus tours for Chinese tourists. Margaret Wente even told us to enrol our children in Mandarin immersion. The overriding message in the coverage: be scared—be very scared.

While not new information, it's rarely reported on so expansively: in the next 40 or 50 years, China could conceivably overtake the U.S. as a superpower.

The *Globe* issue talks mostly of culture and society, but the real worry for us is China's reach into Canada's natural resources—their government is pressing companies to invest in Canadian resources, because Chinese ones may soon run out.

"No matter how plentiful our natural resources, when you divide them by our population of 1.3 billion, the figure will be very small," said China's foreign minister.

A $7-billion deal to purchase Noranda Inc., a Quebec mining company that is one of the world's largest producers of zinc, nickel, and other metals, is set to go through in November. There are also reports of two of China's state-controlled oil companies looking to invest in Alberta's oil sands.

Though Prime Minister Paul Martin has said he is concerned about China's abysmal human rights record, he thinks the Noranda deal is "fundamentally ... a good thing."

Geez Mr. Martin, shouldn't you do more to address such a massive investment in Canadian resources? What happens when China's corrupt state-run companies own a significant share of Canada's natural resources? Even his industry minister is skeptical.

If the threat of our natural resources being exploited by other countries is so great, the Liberals should have a plan in place to protect Canadian interests. If they don't act soon, we may find our country being stripped, with few natural resources left for us.

Harry's in a huff!

Last week he was on the cover of half a dozen English tabloids, shaking a fist, pouting, red in the face. Headlines slashed across two trashy rags read, "Harry Potty." Another read, "Harry Snaps."

So, what did Prince Harry, third in line for the British throne, get up to this time? He has been caught smoking pot and drinking while underage, and was accused by a teacher of passing off her work as his own. Seems the 20-year-old is stretching his wings. With an apparently flawless, over-achieving older brother, a stodgy, old-school pop and the glaring attention of a nation (and most of the Commonwealth), who can blame the incorrigible youth? And when pics of the handsome redhead sell faster than a '90s fad, who can blame the media for jumping on his inflammatory faults? For some publications, sensationalism equates news because this is what sells.

Harry is accused by a member of the London paparazzi of "deliberately" pushing the long-lens camera into the photographer's face. "Then, suddenly,
[Harry] burst out the car and lunged towards me as I was still taking pictures," whimpered Chris Uncle, who suffered a cut lip. "At the same time, [Harry] was repeatedly saying, 'Why are you doing this? Why don't you just leave me alone?'"

Clue in, Uncle, because this is where you border on stalkerazzi.

Lest we forget, it was the paparazzi, with long-lens, telephoto cameras who were following Princess Diana, Harry's late mother, when she and her boyfriend died in a car accident in France.

The situation is clear: a group of reporters were vying to report the news. Or "report" something, anyway. And since that something flies off newsstands, they're encouraged by the paycheque.

Supporting the royal watching industry perpetuates and encourages this invasive photojournalism. Anyone who has ever bought an image of Harry or Diana—or of any paparazzi photo for that matter—has blood on their hands.

Editorial topics are decided at weekly editorial meetings and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of all staff members.

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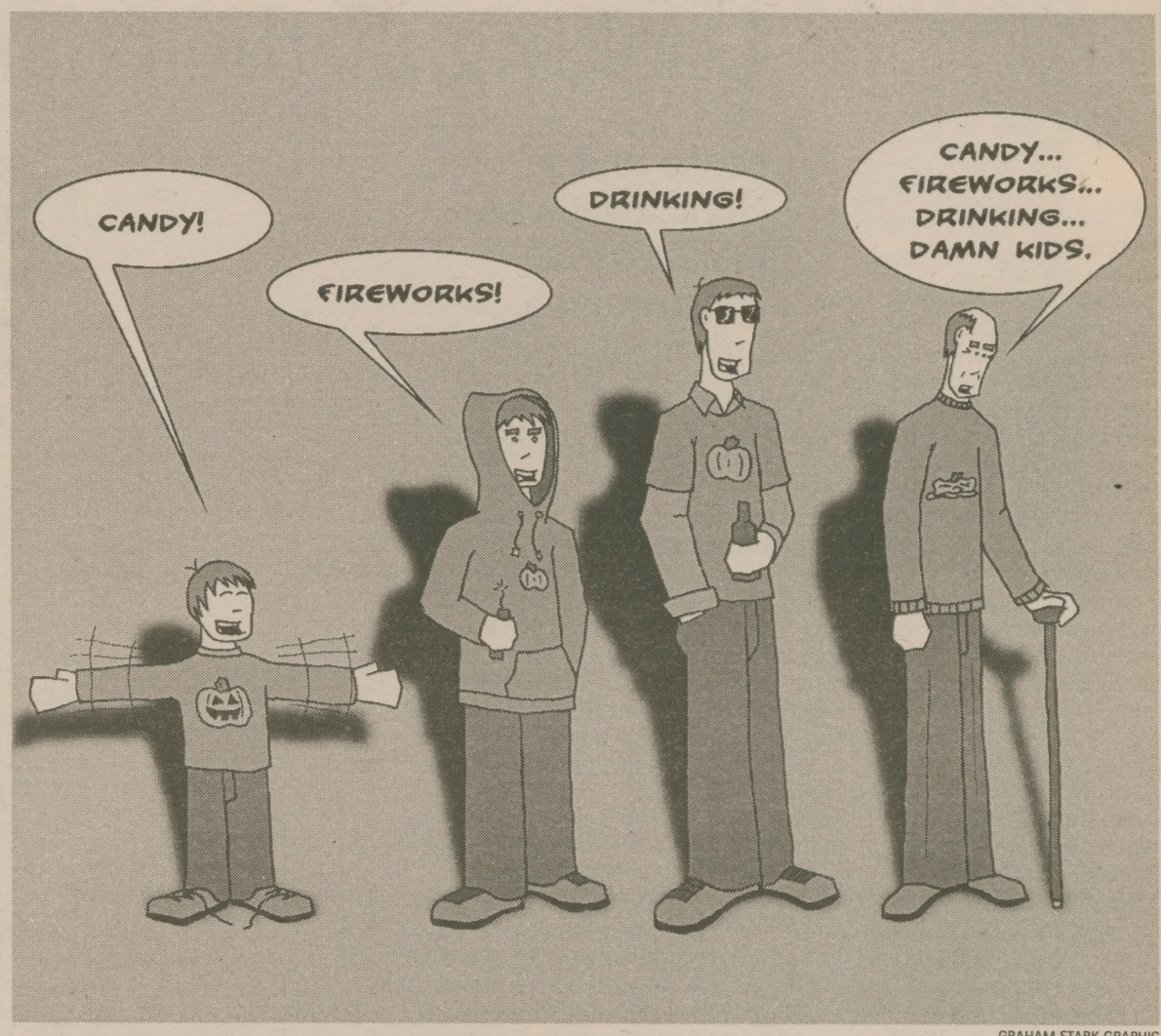

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

The Evolution of Halloween

LETTERS

Ferry name suggestions

With regard to the names of the three ferries being built by Flensburger Schiffbau (for B.C. Ferries), may I suggest we remember their war-time use of some 2,300 slave labourers by naming the ferries "The Spirit of Arbeit Macht Frei" (the motto above the main gate at Auschwitz), "The Spirit of the Holocaust", and "The Spirit of Cheap Labour."

Ian Cameron

In defence of the UVSS

I am writing in response to the many letters in last week's *Martlet* accusing the UVSS of partisanship for criticizing the provincial government. The UVSS has a responsibility to represent students and student interests. The UVSS criticizes the provincial government because it doubled tuition fees and cancelled student grants.

I follow the UVSS elections every year and I vote. Every year, I see a group of students stand up and say that they support lower tuition fees and government investment in post-secondary education. Most years, the students that support accessible education get elected with a mandate to advocate for accessible, affordable education.

The issue of tuition fees and education funding is a public policy debate, and a heated one at that. I find it frustrating and useless to trivialize a fundamental debate like this by calling it partisan politics. With only two rival political parties in this province, if you have an opinion on anything, you can be called partisan.

Michael Joyce

I love the Greatest Canadian!

You must be kidding me. *The Martlet* opposed the "Greatest Canadian" debate in its Oct. 21 editorial? Somebody needs to take a little dose of "I shouldn't take myself too seriously."

Let's face it. Finding out who the greatest Canadian is more reflects those people that we identify with than trying to find a winner to a contest. It's the journey rather than the destination that is important.

Should we not do this? Maybe labelling the debate as the search for the "greatest" is a little misleading. But does the editorial writer really take things that literally? If it were truly just a poll of who we think is the "Greatest Canadian," then wouldn't it simply be reported in the paper? In many regards, the purpose is to engage in this debate, to find our common values through the people that we admire the most.

It also serves to illuminate where we possibly need to move our values, that there maybe some things to question about our national identity and the nation we want to be. For example, the highest-ranking woman was SHANIA TWAIN! There were only three First Nations people on the list, yet they were the ones that taught the rest of us how to freaking survive! Are there some errors on the list? Sure. But if you take a narrow scope and if you, as a supposedly educated university student, can't see beyond the one-dimensional title, then you have missed the point.

At the end of the day, Canadians will elect their "Greatest Canadian." But the journey is going to be fun. The writer's, seeming, tunnel vision on this exercise is disturbing. Heaven forbid we look at our society critically! And heaven forbid we identify those that best represent it. Every nation has their appointed icons, their national myths. Here we can vote on them—nothing wrong with that.

Ted Noakes

Suck it up, York Profs.

The article in the Oct. 14 issue of *the Martlet* "Rude students piss off profs, classmates at York" is a great example of professional whining at its best. I agree that rudeness in the classroom is inappropriate and should not be tolerated.

However, when profs claim their students look "bored, tired and disinterested," I cannot sympathize. It's a professor's job to teach their subject in a manner that sparks interest from the student. Students will listen attentively to good teachers.

Political science Prof. Thomas R. Klassen suggested the solution is raising tuition fees even more, saying that "a tuition hike would put more pressure on students and create more competition." Great suggestion, Thomas! ... More wealthy competitive people are exactly what we need on this earth. What ever happened to the idea of open, comfortable learning environments, where students received no additional pressure from their institution? Or is that so out-of-reach to consider nowadays? Yes, you can call me a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. So to those whiney profs over at York, do us all a favour. Suck it up and teach.

Mike Smith

UVSS chair responds

I would like to respond to the letters that have been appearing in *the Martlet* about UVSS student fees. Specifically, I would like to challenge the charge that these fees are in any way undemocratic. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Firstly, all of the fees that the UVSS collects were set by referenda; that is, they were put to a democratic vote by all students. Secondly, the way the fees are administered is also extremely democratic: Every year a Board of Directors is elected by students on campus, and these directors then determine how student fees will be spent. Based on candidates' platforms, students can collectively decide whether their fees will be spent on reduce-tuition-fees campaigns, more parties in the SUB or something else. Lastly, each year the UVSS Board of Directors creates a budget that goes to a vote at the Annual General Meeting. All students have a vote at this meeting, and they may amend the budget if it does not reflect their priorities.

UVSS fees are as democratic as you can get.

I'm concerned, however, that the critics of these fees aren't actually concerned how democratic the fees are, but rather they are opposed to the collection of fees altogether. Students at UVic have made a choice; they have decided that they want to join clubs and course unions, they want to have their own movie theatre and pub, and they want to have elected reps who can advocate and plan events on their behalf so they can be free to concentrate on their studies. These fees make all these things and more possible, and go toward creating a dynamic, exciting campus, which enhances all of our experiences here at UVic.

Joanna Groves
UVSS Chairperson

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Globe university survey frivolous

by Patrick Szpak

Many years from now, two students meet at their 30th anniversary graduate reunion and begin to reminisce about their time at UVic. Their conversation goes something like this:

Student #1—"Oh, man, do you remember how great our time at UVic was? I'll never forget those rez buildings—so clean and new. Every night we'd head out to the student cafeteria or maybe over to the fourth floor of the library to use the university's wireless connection with the iBook my Dad bought me. It was so awesome!"

Student #2—"Yeah, man. Good times, good times. But sometimes I have regrets. Sometimes the sloppy Joes were a bit too soggy, and those tuna melts, they were hit and miss. I envy my friends who went to schools with better food, you know, the ones that got, like, an A- in that old *Globe and Mail* survey. But I can't live in the past."

Student #1—"Yeah, I hear ya. To be young again . . ."

If it is any consolation to Gavin Quiney, the managing director of Housing, Food and Conference Services at UVic, this conversation will (or should) never happen, the B- UVic received from the *Globe and Mail*'s student survey notwithstanding. This is not just because the *Globe*'s internet survey is methodologically questionable, as Mathew Gauk revealed in last week's *Martlet*, but because the *Globe*, and anyone who gives credence to its rankings, is completely missing the point about what makes for a good university education.

Who cares if UVic managed to get B- on its food (yeah, I think that's generous too), an A- in its recreational facilities, or a B- in its student residences? As long as the food is nourishing (cow hearts mean more iron), or the ice in the rink is smooth and the rez is warm and keeps the water out, the rest is gravy, and expensive gravy at that, considering our tuition helps pay for it.

Let's cut to the chase. If your educational experience is limited to the luxuriousness of university facilities, the grooming of its lawns and gardens, or the quality of its institutional food, than you'd better begin saving for that red convertible or Botox injection because 30 is going to hit you between the eyes. If we rank our universities like we would our choice of old folks' homes, we have missed the point: university is about the people and the experiences. Good profs can share their passion and knowledge for a subject just as well in the crumbling ruins of Clearihue as they can in newer, more costly facilities. The most important things—the friends, the lovers, the experimentation—are all free, the rest being nothing more than expensive filling.

Televangelists spread racisim and hate

by David Psutka

On Sept. 12 during American televangelist Jimmy Swaggart's weekly television program, the 69-year-old Louisianian addressed the contentious issue of same-sex marriage.

According to a transcript of the program, Swaggart said: "I'm trying to find the correct name for it . . . this utter, absolute, asinine, idiotic stupidity of men marrying men. I've never seen a man in my life I wanted to marry. And I'm gonna be blunt and plain: if one ever looks at me like that, I'm gonna kill him and tell God he died." The audience reacted with applause and laughter. In response to the resultant outrage from gay equity groups, broadcasting standards commissions and human rights groups, Swaggart dismissed the remark as a figurative adage.

The Federal Communications Commision took no action against him, his network or the stations that broadcast his program. Contrast this to the FCC's heavy-handed reaction to Janet Jackson's boob flashing stunt at the Super Bowl, which resulted in $550,000 in fines to 20 CBS stations. Many words come to mind, appropriate not being one of them.

As outrageous as the thought of such a statement during a "religious" broadcast in North America, it is surprisingly common.

Swaggart has a fairly lengthly rapsheet of inflamatory remarks. He has called Muhammed a "sex deviant" and a "pervert." He called for the expulsion of all foreign Muslim university students in the United States ("We ought to tell every other Moslem [sic] living in this nation, 'If you say one word, you're gone.'") And he has advocated racial profiling of Muslims or "anyone with a diaper on their head and a fan belt around their waist" by airlines. Surprisingly, Jimmy Swaggart has never once been in trouble with law authorities for his disemination of hateful ideologies. The only trouble Swaggart has had with the law is a 1988 prostitution charge. You think and hope that a man with such archaic views is obsolete and unpopular. On the contrary, he is immensely popular, with his television program being broadcast in over 50 countries, his radio show nationally syndicated and his album sales at a staggering 15,000,000 worldwide. Unfortunately, there are many more just like him.

The host of FOX's "The 700 Club," Pat Robertson, has also made a multi-million dollar media empire by spewing hateful rhetoric. He called Muhammed a "wide-eyed fanatic" and a "robber" and claims that the Qur'an is "the theft of Jewish theology." Despite his hateful views, Robertson is a respected and mainstream figure in the United States. He narrowly lost a bid as a Republican candidate during the 1986 presidential election and recently received a $250,000 donation from the Bush/Cheney administration.

Jerry Falwell, the man who said, "AIDS is not just God's punishment for homosexuals; it is God's punishment for the society that tolerates homosexuals," is an American televangelist. On the CBS program *60 Minutes*, Falwell called Muhammed a "terrorist." According to the BBC, the comment sparked Hindu-Muslim violence in India which led to 10 deaths.

Benny Hinn is another extremely popular American televangelist. His self-professed miracle healing, although never once proven with evidence, draws millions of people to his rock-concert-like tapings of his show, *This is Your Day*. Hinn's ministries have been repeatedly denounced by everyone from medical experts to the Vatican. Although Hinn, a high school dropout, has no theological education, he claims to have cured thousands of ailments ranging from back pain to terminal cancer. Hinn also claims to be prophetic.

Among his visions are "The Spirit tells me—Fidel Castro will die—in the '90s" and "The Lord also tells me to tell you in the mid '90s, about '94 to '95, no later than that, God will destroy the homosexual community of America . . . He will destroy it with fire."

As ridiculous and outlandish as these remarks seem, their existence and subsequent tolerance are proof Christian fundamentalism is ubiquitous in American popular culture. This reinforces the view widely held by many academics that the United States is one of, if not the most, fundamentalist society in the world today. This should also raise the free speech debate in the United States.

Televangelists are using the First Amendment to spread hate and further anti-gay and anti-Muslim sentiments. Free speech laws should not be twisted to provide legal immunity to bigoted preachers. The far right frequently trumpets the importance of censorship with respect to questionable music and movies. Maybe it's time someone censors them.

Worshipping the Great Pumpkin

by Bess Winter K.

Halloween, the best, tastiest, most sacred holiday of all, is drawing near. Many people underestimate Halloween, shrugging it off as a "kids' holiday." I beg to differ.

Where one chooses to go, who one dresses up as, and, most importantly, who one chooses to worship on Halloween are determinate factors in the outcome of the rest of their school year.

Typically, an excellent Halloween bodes well for the rest of term. You know how the old saying goes: "When the frost is on the punkin, somethin' somethin' somethin." It wouldn't hurt to offer a little sacrifice to the Great Pumpkin himself in order to guarantee success through the coming months.

The Great Pumpkin accepts several forms of sacrifice. And, yes, he does exist. You may recall Linus's sad attempts at greeting the Great Pumpkin in the pumpkin patch on Halloween night. He was going about it all wrong. He hadn't made any sort of sacrifice to the deity beforehand. The Great Pumpkin is decidedly not Santa Claus—cookies won't cut it. He demands culinary delicacies, money, computing accessories and/or blood.

The Great Pumpkin's tastes are quite refined. Last year's offering of Beluga caviar and squirrel carcasses only scored me a slight edge on my multiple-choice psychology exam. This year, I'm going for the full monty: lamb shanks prepared according to a recipe from *The Naked Chef Cookbook*, $25 in cash (the Great Pumpkin does not have a bank account—personal cheques are an affront to his omnipotence), a stack of CD-Rs, a bottle of champagne and a phial of my own blood. I figure this should satisfy him enough to plunk me onto the Dean's List.

I find it surprising that so few people know of and worship the Great Pumpkin as a legitimate deity. You may think that the Great Pumpkin was just some joke fabricated by Charles Schultz, but boy, are you wrong. Whenever you perform poorly on a midterm, say something idiotic in class, lock yourself out of your home, or trip on a bump in the pavement—that's the Great Pumpkin's doing. The more you insist on ignoring his existence, the more you will invariably lose in life. Acknowledge it and reap the benefits.

Coors debate continues

by Rachelle LeBlanc

Sigh. Who knew that an advertisement without pictures, featuring only some not-so-ambiguous text would elicit such a vehement response from the public?

I did. As soon as I saw the Coors Light/Maxim ad in question, which ran on the back page of *the Martlet* Oct. 7 and 14, I knew it was going to ruffle some feathers. Or at least, this is what I thought after I stopped laughing at it because of how dumb it was. Dumb, but catchy.

One ad read "Democracy in its finest, purest, firmest, roundest, smoothest form," and the other, "Feel like a kid in a Candy, Mandy, Brandy and Sandy store."

For such a terrible ad, seen by thousands, only a couple of those who saw it felt compelled to rail against the heinous moral dilemma it presented.

Objectifying women? Dear heavens, no! I feel the need to point out we have thrice run an ad for a ladies' night at a local bar, featuring, dare I say it, not just words—nay—but photos of half-naked male dancers. Why did these campus crusaders not object to the blatant objectification of men? Or, what about the most recent *Martlet* cover, featuring a lovely lady of the roaring '20s, holding up a drink in an old ad for an absinth company? Forget words—I spy a nearly naked nipple!

Let's face it, college and university campuses are places of learning and partying. Why would a beer company run an ad about a contest for a very popular (for both guys and gals) magazine in campus papers? Because college-age girls are most likely the demographic that would try out for something like the Coors Maxim Girl Contest, and college-age boys are the target audience. I bet there is more than one girl at UVic who's thought about trying out.

Maybe the objectification of women is horrible and wrong, but if it is, then the objectification of men should be given equal concern. I agree that the ad is pretty shallow, but that's all I agree with. As for the letter printed in the Oct. 21 issue of *the Martlet* that accuses the Coors Light/Maxim ads of perpetuating rape and violence against women—I really don't think this ad is to blame. In fact, probably the closest thing to violence it produced was the verbal aggression in the letters to *the Martlet* regarding the ad. Hmm . . . makes you think, I hope.

Feathered cheek

For the second time that day, the children congregated beneath Birdman. Cold-vapour mist seeped through their gnashed teeth. Garbed in fur-collared parkas, they delivered the chant of ridicule passed down from their older siblings:

"Coal eyes, made of glass, peeping through a feathered mask. Over his nose, a cardboard beak. Thinks he's a bird—What a freak!"

Perched on the roof of his father's single-storey hardware store, the toes of Birdman's rabbit-skin moccasins hung over the gutter's edge. As always, he refused to pay heed to the snickering children who gazed up at him from the storefront's walkway. Only the guttural chirps that reverberated from his throat indicated his protest.

There had been a time, several years ago now, when Nathan Moore, or Birdman as everyone called him, would have risen from his roost, spread open the cape sewn to his turtleneck sweater and puffed out his bony chest in a display of bravado.

The children, however, had quickly learned that his challenge was nothing more than an empty threat, and eventually they had escalated their berating of him from mere disparaging chants to snowball throwing. Fortunately, there was no snow on the ground, the result of a warm front that had moved in a few weeks prior. But, of course, there were always rocks.

Nathan remained motionless, like a caricature of a gargoyle on a Gothic church.

He wasn't afraid of being pelted by a stone or two. Not really. It was the others on the roof that he feared for. The starlings and the magpies were far more brittle birds than he. Nathan had resolved that cowardly actions could sometimes be courageous. "Turn the other cheek," his dead mother used to say. And her cheeks had been bruised enough times to make her an authority on the subject.

The children lost interest in Birdman and took leave of him after only six repetitions of their taunting song. The stench of human cruelty faded with their departure, and Nathan cleansed himself of the memory. A starling's feather blew across the shingled roof and brushed past Nathan's foot. His arm dropped and he snatched the feather out of mid-air.

He caressed the back of his hand with his newly acquired feather and cocked his head upward to the clear, blue heavens. The winter sun would soon be swallowed by the horizon, he observed through the sight holes cut below the glass eyes of his mask.

Across the street, over the lumberyard and beyond his father's deteriorating home, his eyes fixed on the short wheat stocks that had been harvested so many months ago. Soon the wind will ripple over oceans of tall grain again, he thought. He adjusted the quill end of a feather tip that had worked through the rotting lining of his decrepit mask and was scratching against the flaking skin beneath. The mask was in need of major reconstruction, but Nathan couldn't bear the thought of being featherless for any length of time.

Footsteps crunched on the frosty ground and Nathan peered down at a hunched figure. Dressed in a hooded fleece jacket, which nearly disguised his weather-worn face, a middle-aged man knocked on the locked front door of the hardware store. The man's name was of no consequence to Nathan, but he recognized him as one of the farmers who frequented his father's store.

The farmer knocked three more times before turning his head up towards Nathan's perch. He chomped on a black chunk of chewing tobacco.

"Hey there, it's been four days now. Where's your drunk father at? I need me some six-inch spikes or my fence is gonna be down another night."

Nathan crooked his head to the left.

The farmer spat out a mouthful of tobacco syrup and continued. "Damn it! Already rounded up two calves who escaped through that hole. God knows how many gonna leave by morning if it ain't fixed . . . Cattle ain't as dumb as people think. Those calves done probably told the whole herd they found a way out."

He unzipped his fleece just enough to adjust the thick wool scarf wrapped too tightly around his neck.

"Look at me . . ." the farmer began again, drooping his head down to the sidewalk. "Talking to that freak like he's listening to a word I'm saying. Fool's been on that roof nearly all his life and I'm telling him 'bout my problems . . ."

Freak. The word echoed through Nathan's mind like thunder rolling over the prairie sky. Since that All Hallows Eve, when his seven-year-old voice had been forever silenced, he had been the Town Freak.

Cursing under his breath, the leather-skinned farmer spat a hunk of tobacco at the store's front glass door and strode down the sidewalk. Two new starlings flew to the refuge of the rooftop, and Nathan watched their feet patter against the cedar shingles.

Unlike magpies, which, for the most part, are restful on their perch, starlings are constantly searching for something. Even on the barren sanctuary of the icy rooftop, they flutter from one place to the next, hoping to come across twigs for their nests or an insect to devour. Of all their prey, starlings seemed to be most satisfied with the taste of woodbugs. Every winter morning, Nathan would reach into his paper sack and hand-feed the crawling critters to the birds. The sound of the hard-shelled bugs crunching inside their beaks always pleased him. Perhaps it pleased him too much.

Four days earlier, his father discovered the woodpile Nathan had hidden under a blanket in the closet of his upstairs bedroom. For many passing winters he'd cultivated woodbugs there, but until that morning his father knew nothing about it.

"Woodbugs!" Nathan's father screamed. The fingers of his left hand balled into a fist, a glass of whisky clenched in his right.

"It's not enough that the whole damn town's laughing at us," his father bellowed, kicking at Nathan's collection of feathers that were piled into a four-foot mountain in the room's centre. " . . . Not enough that you scare my customers away sitting like some kinda creepy statue above the entrance of my store . . . But now you gotta bring your damn bugs into my home!" He swigged back a mouthful of whisky. "They ate straight through the floorboards! For fuck's sake, Nathan! Bugs are dropping from the kitchen ceiling onto the stove."

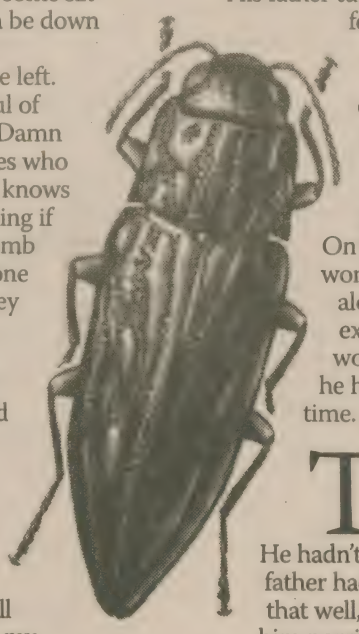
Nathan wanted to tell his father that it had been necessary. He wanted to explain that the starlings and other birds needed the nutrition of the woodbugs in order to survive the cold season. He had wanted to say a lot of things, but of course all his collapsed larynx could do was force out its quiet gurgle-chirp sound.

"Don't you chirp at me," his father threatened, raising his fist. "I'll knock that feathered head of yours into the goddamn closet if you chirp at me again!"

Nathan's neck swivelled his head from side to side in quick, jerky movements.

"Here," his father said, unballing his fist and retrieving three bent feathers from his pocket. "I found these on the lawn. You can add 'em to your collection."

His father turned and left the room before the feathers he had thrown at Nathan fluttered to the floor.

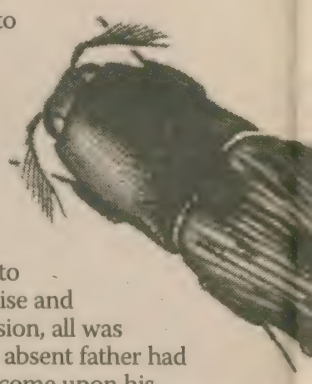


Nathan's heart raced so fast he could see the veins in his wrists pulsate. The birds had become dependant on him, and though he feared his father, his fear of not providing for them was greater. On that day, however, his father had won, and the woodpile was removed along with the woodbugs, but the exodus of the insects cut a deep wound in Nathan. He'd decided that he had turned his cheek for the last time.

The horizon almost devoured the sun, and the hollowness in Nathan's own stomach ached. He hadn't eaten very regularly since his father had gone away. Not that he ever ate that well, but with no one around to cook him porridge, he'd been simply eating the oatmeal straight from the plastic bag.

Nathan stood erect, his black cape billowing in the breeze. Without unsettling a single bird from the rooftop sanctuary, he stepped across the cedar shingles to the rear edge of the building. Dusk was fading into the darkness of night now, but his eyes weren't needed to find the rope ladder on which he had climbed down to the ground so many times before. He bid goodnight to the magpies and the starlings by way of a guttural chirp. Then, feeling his usual chagrin at having the other birds watch him use his primate limbs, he descended down the ladder.

Footsteps crunching on the frozen ground, he darted past the front of the store and across the street to the door of his father's house. The door wasn't locked—a good thing, since Nathan had no pockets in which to keep a key. Inside, without his father curled up on the living room sofa, knees tucked into his chest, basking in the noise and flickering light of the television, all was calm. Nonetheless, as if his absent father had bellowed a disparaging welcome upon his arrival, Nathan skulked up the stairwell that led to his bedroom.



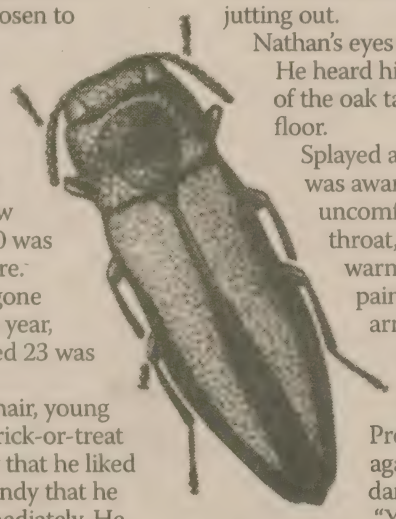
The room would've been barren if not for a broom, a stack of bird books the Social Services lady had brought him last month, an old packing trunk in one corner, and, of course, the mountain of feathers he had collected through the years. As was his routine, Nathan went immediately to the shrine and let his body fall into the softness of feather strands and the prickliness of quills. The force of his landing sent thousands of feathers floating to the air above. He looked on with great joy as they fluttered

by Norman Ed Baskerville

down, eventually covering his entire body.

It had taken nearly 20 years for him to assemble such a plethora of plumage. Although when he first started doing so, when he was seven, he had only intended on collecting enough to construct his bird mask.

Young Nathan had always been fascinated with birds. He was amused by the way their entire bodies jutted forward when they lifted their stick-like legs to hop along the ground. He was thrilled by the graceful fury of their flapping wings as they reached the necessary speed to glide lazily to the heavens. In school, he had written about them, in one way or another, in every single assignment. He even assembled a giant skeletal model of a robin for the annual science fair. So it came as no surprise to anyone that he'd chosen to dress in a bird costume for Halloween.



It had been a successful night of begging for sweets that year—well, successful by rural standards. With so much ground to cover between so few houses, any treat-count over 20 was a bountiful, well-earned treasure. Considering that Nathan had gone out trick-or-treating alone that year, the fact that his score numbered 23 was simply astounding.

Kneeling high on a kitchen chair, young Nathan eagerly separated his trick-or-treat loot into two categories: candy that he liked enough to save for later and candy that he really liked and would eat immediately. He pulled up his bird mask so it rested on the top of his head. Eyes sparkling with excitement, he began to unwrap a chocolate square. Then, without warning, his father had walked into the kitchen, and like a flood to a fire, the spark in Nathan's eyes dimmed.

His father headed straight for the refrigerator and retrieved an ice-tray from the freezer.

"Boy, you eat all that candy and you'll end up a fat lump just like your mother was," he said, dropping ice cubes into a glass.

Nathan popped the square into his mouth and slid a Kit-Kat bar first over to the paltry "eat later" pile with the hard toffee and sour balls, then to the abundant "eat now" pile with the rest of the chocolate.

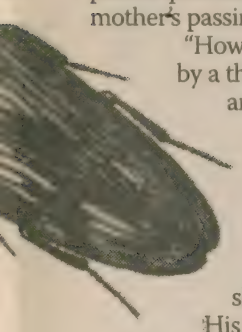
"Yes sir," Nathan answered, smelling alcohol on his father's breath from across the room.

"You know, I loved your mother when she was alive. You do know that, don't you?"

He swaggered towards the table and stood behind Nathan's chair.

"Sure we fought sometimes . . . but when it came down to it we were husband and wife till death did us part."

Even with his father looming over him, the mention of his mother stirred Nathan enough to pose a question, one he'd wanted to ask since his mother's passing three months earlier.



"How come the cellar door was covered by a throw rug?" he asked, motioning an arm toward the cellar's trap doors, set into the middle of the kitchen flooring.

"Christ!" his father exclaimed. "Now boy, you know I didn't know she was down there. Your mother didn't ever tell me what she was up to."

His father paused before repeating what Nathan had overheard him tell the police investigators who came to the house after the body was removed.

"I closed the cellar door 'cause I figured she'd already been down and come up again. Then I went outside to clean the cellar's exhaust vent, like I'd been planning to do for a week . . ."

Nathan removed the feathered Halloween mask and grasped it tightly in his hands. Slowly he turned his head up and looked into his father's spiritless eyes.

"But . . . why was the rug over the cellar doors?" he asked again, though this time his voice was no more than a whisper.

His father's face reddened, his nostrils flared.

"Lots of people die each year from cellar gases, Nathan. It's a horrible thing, but it happens. Old fruits and vegetables produce poison gas, and when people breathe it in they die . . . I don't know why I need to tell you this. I explained how cellars work when you were four. You know how dangerous they can be."

"Yes," he agreed, before speaking the last words he'd ever utter. "Mom knew how dangerous they were too."

His father kicked out the back legs of the chair. Nathan's knees slid forward and off the seat of the chair. Falling, arms flailing, he dropped down and into the table with the underside of his chin jutting out.

Nathan's eyes shut.

He heard his throat crack against the edge of the oak table. His limp body fell to the floor.

Splayed across the cold linoleum, Nathan was aware, at first, of a mere uncomfortable warmth welling in his throat, but as he tried to swallow, the warmth blazed into excruciating pain. From behind he could feel arms embrace him and hear his father's sobbing words of regret. His thoughts slowed and he suddenly felt drowsy. Pressing the feathered mask against his chest, he faded into the darkness.

"Yeah, he just fell into the table," Nathan's father said when the ambulance arrived. "He was playing with his stupid bird mask, dropped it, lost his balance when he tried to catch it and toppled forward into the table. Poor little fella, I was way over by the sink when it happened . . . I couldn't do nothing but watch."

After he'd rested long enough on his high bed of feathers and the feeling of pricking quills was a more predominant sensation than the soft-feathered strands, Nathan arose. His stomach rumbled again to remind him that it needed appeasement. But before he would succumb to his bodily needs, the feather shrine needed tending to. Stooping over and picking up the broom, he swept up every feather that had floated from the pile after he had lain on it.

The task, of course, took incredible dedication and patience. Feathers, by their light, airborne nature, are not the easiest objects to coax into a desired direction. But Nathan was well practised in the art of feather coaxing, and in a quarter of the time it would have taken anyone else, he had restored the feather mountain to its previous glory. Placing the broom carefully beside the shrine, Nathan left the room and started down the stairwell on his way to the kitchen.

The plastic bag of oatmeal was on the table where he'd left it yesterday, and the handle of the spoon he had used still poked out of the opening. He knelt on the chair, poised to commence eating his bland banquet. The feathered mask, by necessity, was flipped back over his sun-deprived, bald head, and Nathan licked his lips in anticipation.

Shovelling a spoonful of uncooked oats into his mouth, he chewed. He knew that eventually he'd have to learn to prepare more nourishing meals for himself, but there was plenty of time for that.

After all, it had been only four days since his cheek refused to turn and his father had gone into the cellar where the horrible thing happened . . . Four days since Nathan had locked the cellar, covered it with a throw rug and stuffed the outside exhaust vent with feathers.

He had the rest of his life to sit on the rooftop of his father's store and think up dinner recipes, though tomorrow would be spent at the lumberyard finding wood and woodbugs for his closet.

I'm (not) original

Guerilla Black
Guerilla City
Virgin Records

by Kevin Nakanishi

It's hardly surprising that some critics have anointed Guerilla Black as Biggie Smalls reincarnate. Black's looks and voice bear an uncanny resemblance to the Notorious One, and several cuts on *Guerilla City* reveal a unique, gut-level depth rarely found in mainstream rap, let alone a debut album. Unfortunately, the majority of *Guerilla City* collapses under clichés—the songs about slinging crack, hoes and clubbing sink the album like so much dead weight.

Like 50 Cent, Guerilla Black paid his dues on the underground mix-tape circuit before dropping a major label debut. Like 50 Cent, Black enlisted a sizeable crew of producers and guest artists, including producer/vocalist Mario Winans (R. Kelly), reggae legend Beenie Man and Nate Dogg. Unlike 50 Cent, Black can't manage to sound fresh or exciting. On songs like "Guerilla City" and "Say What," Black raps about hustling drugs in Chuck Taylors and khakis, as if Eazy E hadn't trademarked that kind of stuff over a decade ago. When Nate Dogg croons about "the rap game" on "What We Gonna Do," he sounds even more uninspired than usual. The remainder of the album varies from club anthems to Isley-esque R&B jams, but it all sounds played out. When Guerilla tries to ape every popular facet of rap, he merely sounds lost. The album's few highlights occur when Black drops his guard.

On the album opener "Hearts of Fire," Black loses the gangsta-isms to elegize his wife, Charleen Stewart: "The doc gave me my worst call / Told me my boo was going through convulsions / Imagine my mind-state and emotions . . . that's why my eyes shed blood for tears." Unfortunately, Black doesn't unleash his true voice again until the album's closer, "My First, My Last, My Only," a tender eulogy that clashes with the rest of the album's derivative womanizing.

"I'm original," Beenie Man toasts on Black's new single "Compton". It's just too bad Guerilla Black can't make the same claim. Yet.

PROVIDED PHOTO

Ophelia played by Alisha Sevigny in a new interpretation of the classic tragedy.

Hamlet redux fresh, but flawed

by Jeremy Hewitt

Shakespeare's plays are hard to do well. They are long, confusing and, to some people, pretty dull. Yet, thousands of amateur companies across the English-speaking world continue to stage his work—and most of the time what results is an absolute disaster.

Most companies don't realize that without superb actors to perform the material, the plays fall flat and bore the audience to death. Moreover, the stories have been told so many times that in order to keep things interesting, a director often has to spice it up by making cuts, changing the setting or reinterpreting characters.

Adrienne De Souza, director of the Victoria Shakespeare Society's fall production of *Hamlet*, seems to understand this. She has taken a classic and reshaped it to be told from the perspective of Horatio, Hamlet's loyal and trusted friend. At the end of the original play, Hamlet asks Horatio to "tell his story."

Using this as inspiration, De Souza cut the play down to 90 minutes while leaving Horatio's lines virtually untouched. Shakespeare wrote Horatio to be the storyteller, and De Souza highlights this in her production. In addition (perhaps inspired by what some read as homoerotic tension between Shakespeare's main characters), De Souza cast women in the roles of Horatio, Polonius, Rosencrantz and Laertes.

The director has also made the play into a multimedia extravaganza, using video and music to create a comic book atmosphere. Add to this a foursome of wonderful proteans that represent Hamlet's dominant themes, and you have all the makings of a fantastic rendition. Unfortunately, it doesn't all come together.

De Souza should be commended for taking a "go big or go home" attitude to her production, but she simply doesn't have the resources for it to fly. The show was plagued by technical difficulties—the video and music were so off-cue that it was laughable. Furthermore, her ideas for the video portions were well thought out but looked like they were shot on a handycam and edited by a kid who just discovered all the neat features in Apple Computers' iMovie.

With irony that the Bard himself would enjoy, the show's best actress (Deborah Foley) plays the character that dies first (Polonius). The proteans (Fred Evans, Denise Brown, Elise Hall-Meyer and Mikel Oulton) delighted Friday night's audience every time they appeared on stage, providing a welcome break to what was often a very flat night of theatre. Joanna Gaskell as Horatio also does well to carry the show. The other main characters simply didn't make the grade: Alex Coll's Hamlet is reminiscent of how Ace Ventura might play the role, and Alisha Sevigny delivers a disappointingly stale Ophelia.

De Souza has obviously put a great deal of time and effort into her version of the show, and she has created an ambitious and intelligent adaptation. Shakespeare buffs should check out this show if for no other reason than to support an up-and-coming director/playwright. Let's hope we see De Souza's work performed again—with better talent, both on and off the stage.

Hamlet *runs from Oct. 22 to Nov. 13 at Camosun College's Gibson Auditorium. Tickets $6/$8/$11. Call 721-8481 for tickets.*

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Bitches put on a good show

by Glenna Garramone

To someone who does not recognize her, Veda Hille appears at first to be more like a kindergarten teacher than an accomplished musician. She perches at her keyboard, a plush monkey wrapped around her neck, wearing rabbit ears.

"Did you know that a hyena has a clitoris? I'm not going to tell you how I know that."

Quizzing the audience about the pleasure organ of an animal is Hille's version of between-song banter. Not so surprising, coming from a woman who decided to call herself a "Scrappy Bitch."

Veda Hille, Kinnie Star, and Oh Susanna joined forces last week for their fifth cross-Canada Scrappy Bitch tour. The tour started in Victoria at the Central Bar and Grill, which, for an evening, could've been called the Central Bar and Grrrl. A predominantly female (but not traditionally feminine) audience filled the venue to capacity.

I spoke with the Bitches three before the show to learn more about how this super-concoction of musicians came to be. The tour was actually born of a rumour that started when the musicians shared a stage at the Railway Club in Vancouver in 1996 during the New Music West Festival.

"The first tour was in '96, and the word 'bitch' was much more dangerous back then . . . The women's music scene was pretty flowery, and we knew we didn't want to be flowery," said Hille.

And floral they ain't. A surefire antidote to the Lilith Fair homogeneity that flourished in the late 1990s, the Bitches form a disparate team. Veda Hille charms with "art songs" on piano, tenor guitar and a garage-sale Casio mini-keyboard. Kinnie Starr rips it up with a fusion of spoken word, hip-hop and indie folk-rock, while Oh Susanna lulls the audience with her alt-country ballads. Starr explains they unite in the fact that they are all "writing intellectual music which defies tradition, but is creating a new tradition in the process of defying."

The onstage chemistry between the performers was amplified by the round-robin format, as they each took turns presenting their own songs and accompanying the songs of their tourmates. The mutual respect between the musicians is palpable, both during the show and the interview.

Hille values her place in the metaphorical "Tower of Song," a term coined by Leonard Cohen that refers to the canon of work which comes before and after a songwriter.

"It's so worthwhile to feel lowly and like a small part of something big. There's all this stress on success and climbing and fame, and that stuff is so useless when you actually get down to the real work of it all."

Oh Susanna adds: "In any other job, if you put in the hours and have talent, you would be rewarded. There would be this feeling of growth and establishment and stability. But the stability factor [for a singer-songwriter/musician] is really what you know and can control, which, hopefully, is the music . . . Being able to continue to be creative is the only thing you can rely on, in a way."

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

Veda Hille, Oh Susanna and Kinnie Starr headline the Scrappy Bitches tour.

And in turn, the audience can rely on the three Scrappy Bitches for a rewarding show and variety of engaging songs and stage antics, including those quirky pop quizzes.

Gimme the Keys

Interactive drinking and driving workshop encourages audience to get involved

by Melanie Law

Car crashes are the number one killer of youth in B.C.

Theatre for Living intends to do something to reduce such a scary statistic. A six-day workshop for youth between the ages of 15 and 24 will delve into the problem of drinking, drugs and driving—when combined, these three factors often yield fatal results. Volunteer participants in Victoria, recruited from local high schools and youth groups, will use theatre games and exercises to "explore [their] experiences with and connections to the issue under investigation," explains River Chandler, TheatreWorks' assistant director.

The project is being presented by TheatreWorks and Headlines Theatre.

Participants build acting skills, but the focus of the project is on giving youth the ability to create dialogue about the issue. Through Theatre for Living, youth can simulate situations that they may be faced with—for example, driving while intoxicated.

This is Chandler's first major project with Headlines Theatre, after she recently completed certification in Theatre for Living. However, her background includes 15 years working in the social services and education fields as a facilitator, instructor and counsellor.

Headlines Theatre is no stranger to projects like this either.

"They have completed over 300 community-specific projects on a range of issues from domestic violence and youth suicide to welfare cuts and bullying," says Chandler.

Judging from Headlines Theatre's past success, she is optimistic about the impact of the workshop and the performances. "The plays are powerful because they are based on the experiences of people living the issues," she says.

The aptly-titled *Gimme the Keys* is interactive theatre. The play will be run once up until a point of conflict. The second time through, audience members are invited to stop the play and take an actor's place to try to resolve the problem.

This, according to Chandler, "creates the room for community dialogue around the problem under investigation, and creative solutions arise from the conversation." The performances promise to offer a new approach to a serious problem that persists despite numerous prevention programs. The participants, as well as the audience, take part in a "fun, profound, entertaining" experience that is "full of surprises and learning."

The group is still currently looking for volunteers for the workshops. Anyone interested can find more information at http://www.headlinestheatre.com/GTK or contact River Chandler at heyriver@shaw.ca.

The performances that result from the workshops will be held in the Church of St. John the Divine from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. on Nov. 5, 6 and 7 with admission by donation. The group will also be performing for schools and youth groups in the area.

The Music, freedom, fusion and fire

The Music
Welcome To The North
EMI

by Amber Minnings

Just when you thought you'd heard it all. You know what emo is, you recognize hardcore when you hear it, you've heard nu-metal, screamo, and scene. But have you heard the Music? That's the Music with a capital "m," and they have their own musical category as far as I'm concerned.

Imagine the Dandy Warhols combined with Rage Against the Machine and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Then combine that with an obscure dance mix and you're still not even close. The Music are unlike any other band. They blend genres, mix styles and come up with their own. They're one of the most exciting and promising British bands of the post-Brit-pop era.

Two years ago, the Music were propelled into the spotlight with their self-titled debut. The album went gold in the U.K., Japan and Australia, and featured several hit singles including "Take the Long Road and Walk It," "The People," and "The Truth Is No Words."

On their new disc, *Welcome to the North*, the U.K. quartet has perfected its unique blend of rock and dance fused with funky guitar riffs, rhythmic beats and echoic vocals. Explosive bursts of energy fuel the album's fire.

The obvious hit on the new CD is "Freedom Fighters," which is so annoyingly catchy that you're guaranteed to be humming it for days. It's one of those songs you love to hate because it's so damn good.

Although it's an upbeat album, some serious themes and political undertones run through it. Consider the song names: "Freedom Fighters" (too obvious), "Bleed From Within" (a blatant anti-war anthem) and "Open Your Mind" (a plea to all people to do just that).

Their second album is quite different from their first. The themes are darker, and the music itself seems heavier, faster, and more "put together." That said, the band hasn't sold out. They've just developed their style. It's a pleasant change, but the first half of the disc will probably be more agreeable to old fans because it's the second half that shows the most change.

All in all, this is one of the best albums so far this year. Play it loud.

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Martlet Halloween picks

Halloween . . . the best night of the year. Luckily, this year it falls on a Sunday, which means three full nights of debauchery. There is so much happening in Victoria over the Halloween weekend, so we've compiled a list of the best places to party like all hell's breakin' loose!

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

ALL WEEKEND

CARNEVIL, Terror Under the Big Top

Where: 1805 Glamorgan Road in Sidney, across from the Sandown Raceway, 7 p.m. to 11 p.m.
How Much: $7 in advance / $8 at door.
Advance tickets at Spencer Gifts or with a non-perishable food item.
Who: A bunch of marauding psychos and possibly some scary clowns.
Why go: Check out this warning: "Due to the extremely graphic nature of these attractions, children under 12 must be accompanied by an adult."

FRIDAY 29th

Come & Play Halloween Fetish Party

Where: Lucky Bar, 517 Yates
How much: $7 in advance / $10 at door. Advance tickets available at Sideshow (559 Johnson, downstairs).
Who: Music provided by DJs Catscan, Caligary and Digital Punk. Featuring peep shows, body art, fire demos, fetish fun and more.
Why go: Costumes and/or fetish wear mandatory! Bondage, whips, chains … enough said.
Info: 920-SHOW

A Nightmare on Yates Street

Where: Steamer's Pub, 570 Yates
How Much: $5
Who: Zappninblack (rock and roll), Jeffrey Sez (rock), Fully Loaded (modern rock).
Why go: Start the weekend off with rock, rock and more rock.
Info: 381-4340

SATURDAY 30th

Halloween Bash

Where: Central Bar and Grill, 730 View Street
How Much: $5
Who: Nuvo Wavo ('80s new wave music).
Why go: Eighties music is always fun to dance to, plus there are prizes for best and most original costumes.
Info: 361-1700

Halloween Costume Party

Where: Prism, 642 Johnson (at Broad)
How much: Little or no cover.
Who: Top 40 music.
Why go: Drag queens, $3.75 beer.
Info: 388-0505

Halloween Carnival

Where: The Fifty Fifty Arts Collective, 2615 Douglas
How Much: $6
Who: Kemiztry (experimental funk-metal from Toronto), Teen Beav (German electroclash trannies run amok), The Great Gaffoni's magic hour, Ahcri (imaginative, apocalyptic sound and video), WhoBoat (the boys of Lakeboat don their Halloween Costume: A rippin' 1970s Who set).
Why go: Not of age? This show is all-ages. They will have a food stand, tarot reader, bearded ladies and candyfloss spun on-site.
Info: www.thefiftyfifty.org

The Brand X Media Halloween Hootenanny

Where: Logan's Pub, 1821 Cook
How Much: $10
Advance tickets at Ditch or Logan's.
Who: Psychobilly and surf punk bands The Deadcats, Staaf Only, David P. Smith, The SwitchBlade Valentines.
Why go: Why not!
Info: www.brandxmedia.ca

Devil's Night Debauchery

Where: Lucky Bar, early show 7-10:30 p.m.
How Much: $15 advance
Who: Zeke (Seattle) Black Halos (Vancouver).
Why go: Good ol' rock and roll. Watch Billy Hopeless grab himself, throw the microphone around and gyrate. Yum.
Info: www.luckybar.ca

PURE Haunted House Devil's Night Party

Where: Lucky, 10 pm
How Much: $5
Who: DJs Lux n' Mo'.
Why go: Go for the Halos, stay and shake it.

The Monster Ball Halloween Party

Where: Vertigo at UVic
How Much: $15 advance/$20 at door.
Advance tickets at UVIC SUB info booth or Boomtown.
Who: House and dance music with Kevin Shiu, John Morgan, Ben Houta.
Why go: You can crawl back to the dorms.
Info: www.progressiveentertainment.com

Mostly Harmless: the party at the end of the universe

Where: The Victoria Multicultural Centre, 1415 Broad
How Much: $15
Advance tickets at Lyle's Place, Kiss and Tell, or Retro Wear.
Who: Featuring DJs Tyger Dhula, Dirty Brown, Furious George, King Edward.
Why go: What could be better than the end of the universe?
Info: www.eventsvictoria.com

The Super Scary Crazy Death Halloween Party

Where: The One Lounge, 1318 Broad
How Much: No listed price
Who: "Come pay homage to the dark underlords and drink the sweet but deadly nectars flowing from the veins of evil itself!"
Why go: Lots of good-looking people.
Info: 384-3557

SUNDAY 31st

Champions Of Hell!

Where: Lucky Bar
How much: $5
Who: Champions of Hell, Seasons of Sorrow (progressive metal), Enchanted Faeries (heavy metal).
Why go: This is an early show, from 8:30 p.m. to midnight. The best way to cure a hangover is head-banging.

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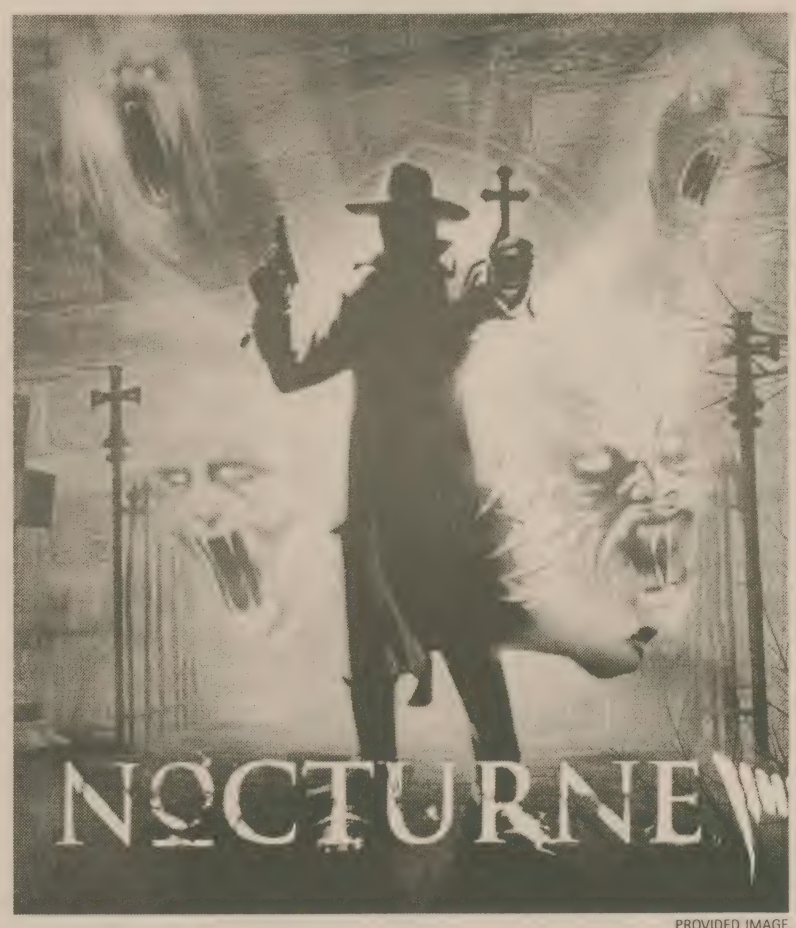
SEAN KENT PHOTO

The Misfits' legacy of brutality comes back to life on Halloween.



PROVIDED IMAGE

Little dead come out in droves

A how-to for scary good times and homebody Halloweening

by Sacha Narine

Taking it easy this Halloween? Here's how to have a monstrous good time in the comfort of your own home. You've got your kick-ass, hi-fi stereo set-up, and your towering subwoofers are ready to shake the floor. Now all you need are some tunes!

1) **The Misfits**. Formed way back in 1977 and recently dissolved after losing a singer, drummer and guitarist, the Misfits left the world a legacy of definitive horror rock, what they call their "Legacy of Brutality." With tracks like "Night of the Living Dead," "Halloween," "Dig Up Her Bones" and "Scream!," the Misfits invented horror rock with lyrics about scary movies, with their iconic Devilock hairdos, and with a guitarist named Doyle who looks a hell of a lot like Frankenstein's monster (built like a brick).

2) **White Zombie** and, to a lesser extent Rob Zombie, cranked out some fun, evil, nouveau cock-rock. Pick up the first two White Zombie albums, *Devil Music Volume 1* and *Astro-Creep 2000*, for some necrotizing guitar riffs and flesh-rending vocals.

3) **Iron Maiden**. Iron Maiden has a song called "Bring Your Daughter to the Slaughter." Need more convincing? They're fucking Iron Maiden—the original monsters of demonometal.

4) DON'T LISTEN TO **Evanescence**. Don't let anyone tell you that Amy Lee's whimpering emo bullshit-masquerading-as-goth is evil in a good way. It's bad music, no doubt, but its evilness lies in its poisoning of goth rock and not in any sexy, evil tunes. Evanescence (say it with me) sucks.

Now, you want to watch a good scary/evil movie? Try these, you "little dead" bastids.

1) ***Halloween 1 and 2***. Seems pretty obvious, doesn't it? The first two Halloween films are chronological, with the ending of the first as the beginning of the second. They start with the escape of deranged killer Michael Myers from a mental hospital. The masked nutball returns to his family home and brutally murders a bevy of neighbourhood schmucks who accidentally trip and fall onto his huge carving knife.

2) ***Nosferatu***. Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is alright and so is *Interview with the Vampire*. But vampirism in film started off with *Nosferatu*, an unofficial adaptation of Stoker's novel. A 1979 remake of F. W. Murnau's 1922 silent film is available in some video stores. It's a beautifully shot, effortlessly creepy update of a cinematic classic. It'll scare the fangs right out of your neck, guaranteed.

3) ***Spoorloos***, a psychological thriller of upsetting poignancy, was shoddily remade as *The Vanishing*, starring Jeff Bridges. Slag off the remake and deal with the subtitles, because *Spoorloos* will have you gasping for breath in its final claustrophobic moments. I still have nightmares, and I sleep with 31 anatomically correct teddy bears.

4) DON'T WATCH ***Trick or Treat***. This laughable mess is utterly asinine. Its premise capitalizes on mid-'80s controversy over rock music by casting Ozzy Osbourne and Gene Simmons in a story about a metal album that turns a mindless kid into a mindless killer. *Trick or Treat* (say it with me) sucks.

You want to get right into Halloween. You don't just want to watch zombies eat people, you want to walk among those shambling horrors and do battle with creatures of the night. Time to play some friggin' games.

1) ***Nocturne*** isn't a new game, but it covers all the bases of classic horror. The game has four distinctly themed episodes. The first leads your character, a stoic badass called The Stranger, into a towering vampire castle in Germany. The second transports you to Depression-era Chicago, where mob bosses are stitching stiffs together to make wise-guy Frankensteins. Episode three has you wrangling with zombies in small-town Texas, while episode four traps you in a huge mansion full of succubi and demons. That's right, I said succubi! (PC/Mac)

2) ***Resident Evil 2*** is still the reigning champ of survival-horror games. It's a massive zombie-fest that lets you battle your way through the stupidly named Raccoon City into secret underground labs full of hideous abominations, and confront the ultimate foe, the unstoppable Tyrant. You'll run out of diapers before you beat RE2. (Console/PC/Mac)

3) ***Castlevania***. This famous horror-themed action game has been around since the eight-bit Nintendo was the king of game systems. You'll travel through haunted castles, graveyards, massive crypts, even the leaning tower of Pisa, all in the name of smiting evil. There are nine or ten different Castlevania games for a bunch of systems. (Console)

4) ***Dance Dance Revolution***. This game has nothing to do with Halloween; it just blows on a staggering scale. DDR forces you to dance like a total ass for the amusement of onlookers. Then, after plenty of humiliation, the game ends and you go to bed scarred for life. (Console/Arcade)

That's it, you festering pustules! Let the Halloween spirit wash over you like a bloody, red tide. And have a good time while you're at it.

Beware the spectre in Hatley Castle

by Stephanie Baker

Hatley Castle is known as the best example of Edwardian architecture in Canada—but that isn't what draws visitors. It's also said to be haunted by several ghosts.

Located on Sooke Road, this expensive mansion was built by B.C. coal baron James Dunsmuir in 1908 for his wife and 10 children. James, son of Robert Dunsmuir, was only able to build Hatley after suing his own mother. The family fortune had been bequeathed to her, but James felt that he was entitled to the money.

One haunting at Hatley Castle involves the death of a young parlour maid named Annabelle. She had approached the lady of the house, Laura Dunsmuir, and asked if she could get married. Laura agreed and was generous enough to pay for the entire wedding. But on April 28, 1911, when Annabelle got to the church she found that she had been jilted. The man she was engaged to marry was, in fact, already married with two children. On the same day as her wedding, Annabelle, devastated by the embarrassment of the whole affair, leapt out of her third-storey bedroom window to her death.

Since then she's been spotted twice—both times on the same day as her death. In 1941, after the castle had been converted into a military academy, she frightened two cadets as she passed into her old bedroom through a locked door and then proceeded out the window from which she had jumped. In 1961 she vanished in front of two other cadets after meeting them outside her old room.

One of the other ghosts is that of James Dunsmuir Jr., son of James Sr. and his wife Laura. In 1915 he was a soldier in the First World War and had requested a transfer to England where he hoped to see some action. Unfortunately, the boat he was on, the Lusitania, was torpedoed by German subs in the Atlantic, and James was killed.

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

His body was never found, and his death shocked the family, but according to his youngest sister, Dola, he reappeared at Hatley. She claimed that she often saw him on warm summer nights in the Japanese Garden. Dola called out his nickname, "Boy," but he would always disappear soon afterwards.

Laura apparently never got over her son's death. In 1941 one cadet woke up screaming. He told his superior officer, Captain Grant, that a woman had tried to pull him out of bed and onto the floor. This was, of course, impossible because there were no women living in Hatley Castle at the time. But Captain Grant phoned Dola, who was still living on the castle grounds. She explained to Grant that the woman had been her mother, even though Laura Dunsmuir had been dead for five years. Dola said that Laura had been looking for her son James—and where better to look than in a place full of young men in uniform?

Volunteer co-ordinator Bill Blore has worked at Hatley for seven years but has never experienced anything "ghostly" himself.

"I think there's probably a scientific reason for all of it, but people love to come to a haunted house. They'd like to stay overnight and experience all of it," he said.

Hatley Park Museum is open every afternoon from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. It is located in the basement of Hatley Park Castle, the administrative centre for Royal Roads University, 2005 Sooke Rd., in Colwood. For information about tours of Hatley Park Castle, contact the museum at 250-391-2600, extension 4456.

SEXY IN VICTORIA

Count Skankula gets freaky

by Alice Laroche

What better time to start a quasi-sex column than Halloween, the one time of the year when we collectively dress up slutty and let out our inner vixens? Oscar Wilde said, "Give a man a mask and he'll tell you the truth." True, but I bet he'd also get freaky as well.

Free from the constraints of our reputations, I bet we'd be a whole hell of a lot more sexual. In Venice, way back in the 1700s, Carnival was four months of the year where everyone wore masks all the time and engaged in crazy sex with strangers—"It's ok! We're wearing masks!"

Sure, this was before the day of rampant sexually transmitted diseases with bizarre-sounding names (Chlamydia? Sounds like a flower), but it just shows how much repressed sexuality we all have and are afraid or unwilling to let out. However, there are some people who keep that freaky spirit of Halloween and alternate personalities going all year round.

Case in point: Vampire fetish clubs. They are alive and kicking and more popular than you think. In fact, I've heard a rumour that there is a UVic Vampire Club, but try tracking them down!

The internet is full of Vampire Fetish sites (try vampirefreaks.com for a tamer start) that connect people from all over, plus you can get discount goth clothes and check out hot vampire porn (how convenient). I admit I was a bit curious at first, but I actually found myself getting kind of turned on by the idea. You toss off your everyday life and assume some fake name, and you can let all your sexual fantasies play out with other people with fake names in a situation that is as removed from reality as you can possibly get. Sounds like a better stress reliever than going for a run.

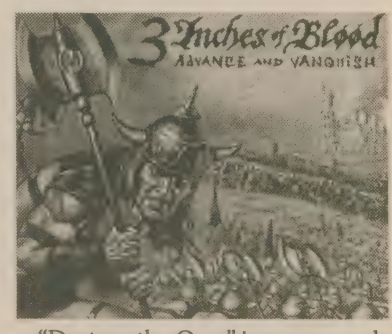
So I swore I would never wear any normal costume but always a skanky one: skanky cop . . . skanky cowboy . . . skanky schoolgirl (which, dear God, is just so wrong in principle) but now I'm considering being a vampire for Halloween. Not a "skanky" vampire by any means but just sexy in its own way.

And with my secret knowledge of all the vampire porn that's out there, who knows? It may end up being my freakiest Halloween ever.

3" of good

3 Inches of Blood
Advance and Vanquish
Roadrunner

by Adam Koebel



Draw your sword and polish your shield. It's time to *Advance & Vanquish*. The third disc by Vancouver metalheads 3 Inches of Blood arrives with metal glory sharper than a +1 sword and deadlier than a hundred orcs.

If nothing else, *Advance & Vanquish* shows how far 3 Inches of Blood have come since their self-released EP *Lair of the White Worm* and their second album, *Battlecry Under a Winter Sun*. The guitar tracks are tighter, the drums more precise and the vocals a polished cacophony of screams and growls. Jamie Hooper's gutteral roar in "Fear on the Bridge" is reminiscent of Emperor and is a perfect counterpoint to Cam Pipes' falsetto screech.

This time around, 3 Inches of Blood looks just outside their normal subject matter for lyrical inspiration. Along with their usual fare about riding into battle and cursed axes, there is a story about a murderous robot, a memoir of the band's time in London touring with the Darkness and a three-part epic about pirates.

"Destroy the Orcs" is a re-recording of a track from *Battlecry* and serves to perfectly illustrate the evolution of the boys from Vancouver. Part of this is the quality of the recording itself (and the same is true of the whole album). It is clean and well mixed, unlike the basement recording of former albums. The studio, it appears, was kind to their sound.

Since they signed with Roadrunner records, 3 Inches of Blood's popularity has skyrocketed. Sadly, this album marks the last performance of stellar guitarist Sunny Dhak with the band. His blazing guitar will be much missed. Still, *Advance & Vanquish* stands as an epitaph for his contribution to the band.

3 Inches of Blood has undergone massive line-up changes since their first album, and this might have something to do with their now-stellar sound. Hopefully, their line-up will solidify and live shows will be able to stand up to the amazing performance they give on *Advance & Vanquish*.

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It's psychobilly, silly!

The Deadcats, Staaf Only, The Switchblade Valentines and David P. Smith shake up Logan's Pub

by Ford Walker

PROVIDED PHOTO

A rare event is coming to Victoria this Halloween, one that is sure to rock this town on the most evil night of the year. Psychobilly, the bastard child of punk and rockabilly, makes an appearance at Logan's on Oct. 30 with Vancouver's the Deadcats. Local veterans David P. Smith and Staaf Only, as well as newcomers the Switchblade Valentines, will also be taking the stage, and the show could be stolen by any of these acts.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the likes of the Cramps, the Meteors, Tiger Army and the Nekromantix, psychobilly will be something new and exciting. Fast and edgy like punk, with a stand-up bass and swinging rhythm like rockabilly, psychobilly is quickly becoming the hottest shit in music subcultures across North America and Europe.

Together for 10 years, the Deadcats have been part of the psychobilly scene since before most punks were out of diapers. If we were to take the Cramps and the Meteors, stick 'em in a blender with a blowtorch and a bathtub bass and serve it hot with some whiskey, you'd only begin to comprehend the distinct styling of this Vancouver-based band. They also like to mix '60s surf style into their jams and have added eight or nine surf instrumentals to their repertoire. The Deadcats haven't been to Victoria since 2002, and they should be playing tracks off their new album *Peggy Suicide*, which will be released this coming summer.

The Deadcats try to keep it old school, rather than evolving along with the current trend of North American psychobilly, which is "just punk with a stand up bass," according to Mick, chainsaw guitarist and main growler. They have such an energetic stage presence that Victoria is lucky to have them back.

"We like to get pretty chaotic," continues Mick, "like jumping into the crowd with our guitars. We just hired some go-go dancers to add to our shows."

If speed is your friend, Staaf Only will get your heart moving. Combining speed metal, rockabilly and blues, in a short time they have become one of the most sought-out acts in Victoria and Vancouver. While they play a few metal covers, Staaf have also established themselves with plenty of their own music.

One-man-act David P. Smith is primed to entertain both the living and the dead with his alt-country/punk styling. Many viewers will look at Smith, with his dorky glasses and accordion, and be completely surprised by how much energy and spirit he can pump out.

So there you have it, three acts that are critically acclaimed—and to have it under one roof for a single show will most certainly be insane.

Tickets are going for $10 at Ditch Records and Logan's Pub. Show at Logan's Pub on Saturday, Oct. 30.

The Reason's bag of tricks

The Reason
Ravenna
Smallman Records

by Matthew Wilson

When looking back on the first few years of punk rock in the 21st century, only one word comes to mind: emo. The current trend of loud, emotional, screaming punk rock is growing, and all you emo fans out there may very well enjoy *Ravenna*, the Reason's newest release.

The album is released by Smallman Records, a punk label out of Winnipeg that backs records for Moneen, Choke, and Small Brown Bike. The Reason have a lot of potential to become popular, especially with the increasing appeal of bands like New Found Glory, Thursday and their Ontario neighbors Alexisonfire. Fans who crave relentless screaming into the mike, accompanied by heartfelt breakdowns and solid riffs will have lots of fun dancing to this record.

Formerly named Sewing with Nancie, the band not only brought in a new name for the latest album but also a new focus. Taking the opportunity tighten up their tunes with a more clean-cut, produced sound, the band's new focus comes across loud and clear.

The Reason takes the opportunity on this 10-track album to unveil the spectrum of tricks they have in their musical bag. Songs like "The Joke and the Gentleman" and "Subways in Pittsburgh" are poppy and catchy enough to play on mainstream radio and music television, while "Reclaiming the Throne" puts on a different front, giving the listener a rawer, heavier sound you'd expect to hear on a hardcore album. "Papercuts and Exit Wounds" is an anthem that could get a sweaty crowd of fans dancing and singing along, their arms outstretched, fingers pointed at the lead singer.

Only time will tell how much longer emo will keep its momentous popularity and continue to have a growing fan base. If fans stay devoted to the sound we may see the Reason much more in the future.

PROVIDED PHOTO

Sarah Michelle Gellar gives a dull, lazy performance in Takashi Shimizu's horror clunker.

Give up on *The Grudge*

by Sacha Narine

I like sushi. I even like sashimi, the plain, raw stuff.

Japan has given the world plenty of wonderful things like sushi, sake, high-quality electronics, cars and Akira Kurosawa. Now comes Takashi Shimizu's *The Grudge*, a supernatural horror film starring Sarah Michelle Gellar and Bill Pullman.

At 91 minutes, *The Grudge* is the longest film in the history of everything. It moves slower than a freshly salted slug. Devoid of energy, clarity and consistency, the film relies on about 15 minutes of mildly entertaining schlock near the end to win the viewer's approval. But, of course, the preceding hour of banal, my-brain-is-shrinking horror-movie clichés, debilitating dialogue and lifeless acting cannot be forgiven in 15 minutes.

Punctuated with uproarious moments of unintentional humour, *The Grudge* fails in every way a horror movie can. The pacing is abhorrent, dragging viewers from one torpid, overlong scene to another with no respect for our desire to be entertained. As a viewer, I expect to be ignored by pretentious art films—but never by disposable Hollywood seat-fillers. For shame!

The plot is a trite mess of haunted house trivia lifted from older, better films. And although it elicited screams and nervous spasms from some audience members, *The Grudge* is not a frightening film. Each moment of fear is contrived, relying on sound scares, repetitive images and a creepy thematic noise that plays whenever the ghosties are near.

In the theatre I heard more laughter than screaming. The final scene caused an infectious groan that swept over the audience like a toxic fart. You will beg for scenes to end, pray for the projector to catch fire, axe-murder the person next to you if Gellar will just stop walking so damn slowly, if dialogue like "Two of my colleagues died mysteriously . . . the other went missing" will just unwrite itself. If only Shimizu could step into a time machine and go back to that fateful day when a talented American film director named Sam Raimi asked, "Do you want to do an English remake of *Ju-On: The Grudge*?" Shimizu will reply, "It'll be better for both of us if you just leave right now."

Sadly, all your hopes and time-travel fantasies are for naught. *The Grudge* will have stolen eight to 13 bucks of your cash, and you'll have nothing to show for it but an eyeful of bad corpse make-up, a rekindled hatred of women named Yoko, and an urge to re-watch *The Ring* and see how a Japanese horror film can be successfully remade for people too lazy or stupid to read subtitles.

On more than one occasion, *The Grudge* comes close to being half-decent, but before it can get a firm hold on mediocrity, a new scene starts and we're right back at square one. Additionally, square one is soaked through with hot urine and sour milk.

This is a self-defeating film in which each scene counteracts any good its predecessors may have done.

The Grudge is the one of the worst horror films I've seen in years.

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Malahat Review brings talent together

by Sacha Narine

John Barton, editor of *the Malahat Review*, wears stylish, black-rimmed glasses. More than just a fashion accessory, the glasses help Barton to read the 4,000 or so literary submissions the magazine receives each year.

"In something like a print publication, there's always more work than you've got time for," he says.

The Malahat has only three staff members, all part-time. Rhonda Batchelor is the assistant editor and one of the readers in the continuing five-part Malahat By Lamplight reading series. Holly Pattison, a writing student, is the circulation manager.

The reading series takes place in Batchelor's modest Lamplight Books on Johnson Street. It is an unassuming place, too small for throngs of screaming literati but large enough for intimate recitations from contributors, students and established writers.

"This is a little bit of an experiment to see if there would be an interest—and there was," says Batchelor with a laugh.

The Malahat Review follows the same experimental path. It is "a place where beginning writers can get started" as well as a venue for experienced writers from all over the world, according to Barton. "The mission of the magazine is to publish the best material we can find," he adds. All contributors share one important quality: excellence in their genres.

Internationally recognized for the quality of its content, *the Malahat* is read in 16 countries around the world and is highly regarded in the Canadian literary community.

Since stepping into the big shoes at *Malahat* in January, Barton has made some notable improvements. The cover of each issue now displays artwork from the Maltwood Art Museum and Gallery and Barton has increased the number of book reviews included in each issue. Currently he is working on simplifying the process for potential reviewers by compiling an online list of books available for review. He also plans to upgrade *the Malahat* webpage for clarity and consistency, as well as build a comprehensive e-mail list that allows for quick communication with contributors and readers.

"It's grassroots, foundational work," he says, "but overall, it will add to the effectiveness of the magazine in serving its audience and its community."

For beginning writers, getting published in *The Malahat Review* might seem unlikely, but it's important to note that every submission is read at least once.

"We've published quite a lot of emerging writers," Barton says. "Work from new writers is read with the same level of care and attention and interest [as work from established writers]. The more promising submissions are read by the entire editorial board for each format—there's a fiction board and a poetry board."

Barton is looking for new styles, "more experimental or edgy work," and acclaims poet Erín Moure for her sequence of poems entitled "Late Snow of May—poemas de auga—," which appeared in the Summer 2004 issue. The poems are printed in both English and Galician; Barton calls them "an act of authentication and continuation of the [Galician] language." He refers to Moure as "a poet who plays enormously but doesn't play without purpose."

"As a writer, you should challenge yourself . . . we want to feel that you've met the challenge you've set for yourself," says Barton.

Together, the two editors make a defining statement about *the Malahat Review*. "We're looking for excellence and variety," Barton says. Batchelor nods in agreement, then adds, "I don't think anyone should be able to pin down a *Malahat* style."

The Lamplight readings have three more entries—Nov. 4, Nov. 18 and Dec. 2—at Lamplight Books (551A Johnson Street) beginning at 7:30 p.m. For information, e-mail malahat@uvic.ca, or visit www.malahatreview.ca. Free admission, limited seating.

Michael Collard Williams's *Frida* graces the latest issue's cover.

Shall we not?

J. Lo's latest movie a flaming, generic dud

by Alex Leslie

VANCOUVER (CUP) — When life gives you lemons, a wise and thirsty man once said, make lemonade. Similarly, I would like to propose that when life gives you a movie starring Richard Gere and Jennifer Lopez, make yourself a batch of Gerelopezade.

This cure-all cocktail can protect you from all of the following: long-eyed facial expressions, meaningful confessions in poorly-lit environs, broad statements about life followed promptly by ruminations on love by idiots, a lack of physical charisma that rivals any seventh grade mixer, and over-enthusiastic white male dancing. After my recent viewing of *Shall We Dance?*, I was left hankering for some Gerelopezade. I ran home, wrenched open the fridge and took myself a long swig. Ahhhh, relief.

Shall We Dance? is, other than an incoherent affront to all good acting and tasteful humour, your basic mid-life crisis story. Richard Gere stars as John Clark, a middle-aged father of two whose marriage is in a lull. John rides the subway back and forth from his job as a lawyer thinking about the futility of life, until one night he looks up from the darkness of the subway car and sees far above a red, lighted sign for Miss Mitzy's Dance School. A figure dancing in a second-floor window is Paulina, played by Jennifer Lopez, who is beautiful (but haunted) and very emotionally complex (but hot).

John marches up to Miss Mitzy's and signs up for beginner ballroom lessons, where he encounters a cast of oddball characters.

There's Vern, the guy who talks about his girlfriend/fiancée/back-to-girlfriend-again and sweats a lot; there's Chick, the macho lady-killer, whose sexual boundaries are suddenly blurred; there's Bobby, referred to by her fellow dancers as "The Bobbinator" (RFK meets Schwarzenegger), who apparently shops at a Salvation Army for promiscuous, disenfranchised clowns; and there's a co-worker of John's who dances in disguise. "My dream is to be able to dance free and proud under my own name," he tells John in bizarre coming-out rhetoric. Cue Moon River. No, really, they play that.

And then there's Paulina. John and Paulina never have sex but share many tender moments and even more understanding glances. The movie's lack of sex is not due to an emotional sophistication that transcends the carnal but rather to the fact that *Shall We Dance?* is based on an older Japanese version. But never fear, lack of taste abounds in the film's slapstick comedy and J. Lo's daring dance moves. "The rumba is the vertical expression of the horizontal wish," she tells John in a kitteny drawl. After she and John silently dance in dim red light, she tells him in the same tone, "Be this alive tomorrow," and then, more softly, "Thank you."

Weaved into the movie is an awkward sub-plot featuring Susan Sarandon as John's wife, Pamela, who hires a private investigator to find out where her husband's spending all of his free time. The movie ends with a grand reconciliation between the two, which I didn't care about since I spent the whole movie watching J. Lo express her horizontal wish.

In the end, John, after galloping like a bright reindeer across a healthy number of blindingly buffed dance floors, finds happiness in his marriage. Paulina gets a (good) dance partner and wins the Dancing Award of Everything, and everyone else becomes a happy half of an even happier couple.

Leaving the theatre, I was left with the feeling that Hollywood has finally achieved the pinnacle of the generic, market-designed product, devoid of originality but chock full of sweet booty and stock life-affirming phrases. In this film about dancing, it is surely cliché that takes the lead.

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Canada West tournament challenges Vikes

Four honours given to Vikes following tournament

by Mike Berry

The final Canada West tournament was held at UVic this weekend and proved to be a competitive and challenging one for the Vikes.

In game number one on Friday, UVic shut out the University of Alberta Pandas 3–0.

The Vikes' Katie Rushton, with assistance from teammate Thea Culley, combined in the first 15 minutes to put UVic up 1–0. Shortly thereafter, Thea Culley was able to add an insurance goal, capitalizing on a series of nifty passes to put the Vikes up 2–0. Steph Krgovich put the final touches on UVic's ferocious attack in the 28th minute, allowing the Vikes to enter the second half with a dominating 3–0 lead.

UVic's all-star goalie Gillian Batey was once again on top of her game and able to keep the Panda's pressure in the second half at bay. The result was a shutout for the Vikes and win number one.

Day two on Saturday saw a match between the Vikes and the University of Calgary Dinos go even at one apiece.

Midway into the first half, the Dinos' Clare Linton fired a hard shot on goal that deflected in off the leg of Vikes' Robyn Evans. Though not too pretty, it was enough to put the Dinos up 1–0.

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

Though they lost on Sunday versus UBC, UVic finished 2nd overall in the last Canada West tourney.

It wouldn't last, as a minute later the Vikes would tie it back up. Speedy Vike Elise Roberts broke through the Dinos defence and placed a nice shot on keeper Burgundy Bileski. A rebound situation was created on which Vike Thea Culley was quick to capitalize.

Neither team was able to out perform the other in the second half, resulting in a game-two tie.

Sunday's match pitted the Vikes against the number one University of British Columbia Thunderbirds.

The first half proved to be simply an exchange of prowess, as each team's keepers faced a barrage of hard, well-placed shots. They went into the second half tied at zero.

In the second half the undefeated T'Birds proved to be vikings of their own. UBC's Steff Quinn put in the first goal of the game, coming off a cross pass just out of the reach of Vikes keeper Gillian Batey. Minutes later the Vikes' Elise Roberts put one in after a scramble in front of UBC's net, tying the game at one apiece.

Unfortunately for the Vikes, Canada West's player of the year belonged to UBC. Steph Jameson showed why she's received such honours, scoring off a rebound allowing UBC to achieve yet another victory.

The Vikes finished second overall in the last Canada West tournament of the year.

The Canadian Interuniversity Sport Championship will be hosted by the University of Alberta, Nov. 4 to 7.

Following the tournament, four UVic players received high honours by being named to the all-conference team. Vikes keeper Gillian Batey received the honour for the second time in two years. Also making the list for the second time is Sara Simpson. Emma Carbery was the final Vike to be named. This was Carbery's first time, but she unfortunately must sit out the rest of the season with an injury.

Though Vikes defender Ali Lee was not named to the all-conference team, the 17-year-old Victoria native did receive rookie-of-the-year honours for her performance on the field.

Boston Red Sox take on curse

by Gavin Day

As of press time, the Boston Red Sox lead the St. Louis Cardinals three games to none. In game one Saturday night, David Bellhorn's two run home run was the difference in Boston's 11–9 victory. On Sunday, the Red Sox got a solid and courageous outing by Curt Schilling, winning 6–2. And on Tuesday, Boston snagged a 4–1 win.

The Cardinals qualified for the series by knocking out the Houston Astros in their best of seven series 4–3. The Astros were, at one point, ahead three games to two, but the Cardinals are not known as the best team in baseball for nothing. They won two straight at home, knocked off the Astros and advanced to the World Series. This National Championship Series will go down in history as one of the best ever.

In the American League, Boston has not won a World Series since 1918. Many believe the club to be suffering from the "Curse of the Bambino," acquired after they traded Babe Ruth to New York that same year.

This year's American Championship Series featured a match-up of age old rivals: the New York Yankees versus the Boston Red Sox. The Yankees have had the upper hand for the last 85 years on the Red Sox, who just have never been able to beat them since the Babe deal. Fans at Yankee Stadium have even taken up harassing Red Sox players with chants of "Who's your daddy." What has happened these past few weeks is part of the biggest sporting collapses in history.

The Yankees had taken the first three games handily, including a 19–8 thrashing of the Red Sox in game three. They were leading in the bottom of the ninth in game four, when they brought in their closer Mariano Rivera. When he comes in during the playoffs, it's almost a sure thing that the Yankees will win. But it didn't happen this time. The Red Sox tied the game in the ninth and went on to win the game 6–4 in 12 innings. They went out the next night and beat the Yankees 5–4 in 14 innings. But what took place in game six is the stuff that really sappy Hollywood sports movies are made of.

Boston pitcher Curt Schilling has a very serious Achilles tendon problem that will require surgery when the post-season is finished. The man could barely walk. In a poor performance in game one, Schilling gave up six earned runs in the 10–7 loss.

After the game, he underwent an experimental procedure where some of his skin was sutured to his ankle bone so that his tendon couldn't rip. He returned in game six, and pitched a gem, giving up one earned run on four hits in seven innings of work. During the game, Schilling was bleeding through his shoes.

In game seven, the Red Sox absolutely destroyed the Yankees 10–3. Johnny Damon hit two home runs out of three hits for the night. After having only three hits in the first three games of the series, he came to life in game seven when it mattered most.

This collapse (or 'choke job' as the New York media called it) was the biggest in sporting history. Few teams in all professional sports have come back in a series after trailing 3–0.

As the current World Series progresses, it will invariably be compared to the two series that preceded it, and rightfully so. Those two series showed how great and how exciting baseball can really be.

Maddaloni returns to Victoria

Local climber returns home to give lecture on recent adventures

by Catarina Costa

If there was ever someone accustomed to living life on the ledge, it is Matt Maddaloni. At 26, this Victoria-born adventurer has made a legendary name for himself in the international rock climbing community.

Maddaloni started his career at Stelly's High School's rock climbing program and has since won several awards and sponsorships for his climbs around southeast Asia, in countries such as Thailand and Vietnam.

His specialty, water soloing, has shocked and stunned many. This isn't something you should try on your own, as it involves skillful maneuvering up to a hundred feet over a water cave.

The action shots on his website—www.mattmaddaloni.com—are impressive and will make you want to grab that harness and fly your way over.

Don't fret if you can't afford it because it could all be coming to you! That's right, this prodigy will be returning to his hometown on Nov. 5 to share tales of his adventures.

His western stopover is part of a tour straight across Canada featuring stills of his work and videos by Paul Bride.

Besides being a cool presentation, it isn't just about the adrenaline rushes, awesome scenery or meeting Matt himself, but it's also about honouring somebody from an area with a small rock climbing community that went out there and made it.

The multimedia show "Adventure Rock Climbing" features his January 2004 deep water soloing stints in Vietnam and free route first ascents in the Bugaboos and Mount Waddington range.

Members of the audience will be treated to images of Thailand where he lived in a kayak for two months and climbed to his heart's content.

Jasmine Singh, co-president of the UVic Outdoors Club describes his return as "a way of giving back to the community and to show local climbers the great opportunities there are. His video is an opportunity to see some great climbing and gives a free-spirited perspective on travelling."

The presentation will be held at 7 p.m. in the David Laum auditorium Tickets will be $7 and all proceeds will go to a quadriplegic foundation.

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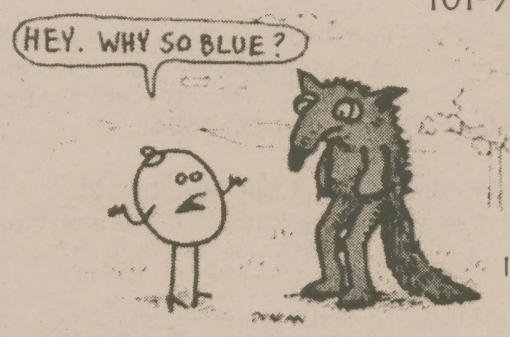

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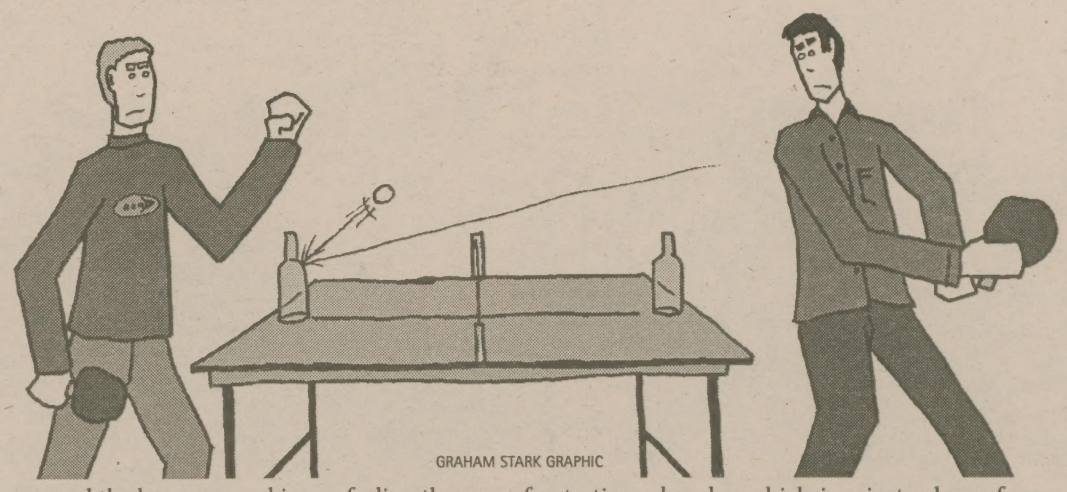
THE UNUSUAL SIDE OF SPORTS

The history of beer-pong

by Matthew Wilson



GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

The story of this serendipitous evolution of sport took place in the summer of 2004, a few miles over the Canadian border in the small town of Boundary Bay. It was here that a mixture of drinking Coors Original and playing table tennis, two of my favourite pastimes, took on a wonderful new twist.

Arriving at the cabin around noon on a momentous July sunny Saturday afternoon, were three cars full of friends. After numerous cans of weak American beer had been cracked, even before all the bags had been emptied from the car, the party began in earnest. But with every party comes a little preparation and setting up. You just need the essentials: the barbeque, the stereo, the lawn chairs from the shed and, oh yeah, the ping pong table for the back lawn.

The ground was a little uneven, the wind played a factor with the ball, and one side of the court was sunnier than the other. But it was a perfect venue nonetheless.

By the time I had played about four or five games, the combination of the sun and the beer was making me feel "festive," and my pong game seemed as good as ever. The only problem was that my beer kept falling over on the grass.

If it wasn't the uneven ground causing my beer to fall, it was my foot as I lunged for the long balls or smashes I received. Fed up with these shenanigans, I threw caution to the wind and placed my beer on top of the playing surface, right in middle of the base line in front of me.

After a few points, my opponent, feeling the same frustration, placed her beer on the same spot on her side. What followed was a marvelous mixture of drinking game and racquet sport.

The beer became part of the court. If it was struck, it merited a point for the deliverer of the ball and a drink for the receiver of the "beer bonk." The focus of the game became either trying to knock your opponent's beer or trying to shelter your own beer from being knocked. It also meant trying not to swipe your own racquet into your beer, which is a just a loss of your own drink (and really the worst result you can get).

To the outside observer this may seem simple, unchallenging and maybe a bit lame. But to the pongers/drinkers out there, there is no real game that could match it. I bear no claim to be the creator of the game because its creation seemed to have evolved naturally.

I must say, though, that on that very day in July, in that backyard in small-town America, I felt like a pioneer.

MATT SILVER/OMEGA PHOTO

UVic attacks

UVic Vikes guard Lindsay Hewson moves the ball past Regina Cougars guard Danny Ash during tourney action in Kamloops.

Rowers dazzle Victoria

by Ian Cooper

Today I watched a UVic men's rower wake up at 6:30 a.m. to go to the Ian Stewart Complex and physically exert himself until he vomited.

Why should you care? Because that gastronomically-challenged athlete pushes himself hard to represent you and your school.

Do you remember the school pep rallies for your athletes, when everyone wore the school colours and chanted for victory? I don't need you to paint your entire body and run naked in the streets, but I do need you to show your support for the men and women who try so hard for their school.

The men's and women's rowing teams, which consist of about 60-70 dedicated athletes, will test their mettle against 400 other crews this Saturday on the Gorge waterway and Sunday on Elk Lake.

These two regattas are the biggest head races on the West Coast this fall and they are right in our backyard. The event's popularity grows each year and will continue to grow if we continue to show our support.

The UVic athletes not only compete in the regattas, they also volunteer to run the entire operation, netting UVic athletics thousands of dollars which is put right back into the programs.

Not interested yet? How about crashes and costumes? The Gorge Narrows Bridge is not only one of the best places to watch—it is also one of the trickiest places in the race to navigate. Imagine a 60-foot boat heading at 20 to 30 miles an hour straight for a rock wall. There can be some pretty hair-raising moments, with a current that can push that boat even faster.

Some of the over-400 crews even dress in costumes to celebrate the event's proximity to Halloween. Butterflies and Playboy bunnies row down the course at 35 strokes a minute to the hoots and hollers of the delighted spectators.

Still not thinking of going? How about this: it's absolutely free. It costs nothing to go. I know that we are all students, which means that we are all penny pinchers, but the only way you will see more excitement, suspense and tight spandex is if you fork over $19.95 to some movie theatre. More if you want popcorn.

The races start at 10 a.m. and will continue until 3 p.m. Come on out and cheer.

SPORTS BRIEFS

UVic men's soccer on fire

Snow caused delays for Vikes men's soccer action on Saturday in Calgary. But the Vikes were hot beating the University of Calgary Dinos
5–1. Their record now improves to 7–1–2. They play again on Thursday at home, Centennial Stadium at 8:15 p.m., vs. the University of Saskatchewan.

Women's soccer staying afloat

The women were also on fire Saturday. The Vikes created a chinook by beating the University of Calgary Dinos, for their first lose at home, 2–1. With play-off qualifying on the line, they improve their record to 5–4–3. They return home Thursday to play the University of Saskatchewan at Centennial Stadium at 6 p.m.

Proudly rowing home

UVic's men's rowing team travelled to Boston last Saturday to compete in the Head of the Charles Regatta. Out of 37 teams participating from around the world, the Vikes finished 18th. They head home to compete in the Head of the Gorge and Head of the Elk Regattas on Oct. 30 and 31.

Women head to all-star team

The Vikes women's rugby team failed to win any medals at the Canada West Rugby championships this past weekend. But two Vikes, Brittany Waters and Erin Lockwood, were named to the CW all-star team.

Men eager for victory

The Vikes men's rugby team contiue to struggle as they went down against Velox, at Velox field this past Saturday, 26–21. The men return home to play Cowichan on Saturday at Wallace Field at 2:30 p.m.

Vikes b-ball nothing but net

The Vikes women's basketball team was in Kamloops this past weekend to compete in a pre-season tournament. In the final game they were up against the fifth-ranked and CIS Championship finalists from last season, University of Regina Cougars. They won 63–60 to walk away with first place in the championship. They open up their regular season against University of Lethbridge Pronghorns on Nov. 5. The game is at home in the McKinnon Gym at 6:30 p.m.

— compiled by MB
P.S. Boo!

Vancouver Island Public Interest Research Group
Annual General Meeting and Election of Directors

All current VIPIRG community members and UVIC students who have not collected a refund this year are members in good standing and eligible to vote in both the AGM and election, and to run as a candidate in the election. Students will need their valid student ID.
AGM & Election: Tuesday November 16, 2004

AGM: 7:00 pm, UVIC Grad Student Building, Rm 108
Join us for refreshments and an update of VIPIRG activities!
AGM Agenda:
- Appointment of meeting Chair
- Approval of VIPIRG's financial statements
- Review of the year's activities at VIPIRG
- Candidate Statements & Question Period with candidates for the Board of Directors
- VOTE! Polling for Board Election
- Additional business
- VIPIRG's 15 Year Anniversary Celebration

VIPIRG

For information on running for a position as director, and to acquire a nomination form, contact Stacy Chappel at 250.472.4558 or drop by SUB B120
Deadline for nominations: Tuesday November 9, 12 noon.
Candidate platforms will be posted at the VIPIRG office from November 9 through to the closing of polling.

Can't make the AGM? Additional Elections Polling: November 16 from 10-4 at the VIPIRG office SUB B122

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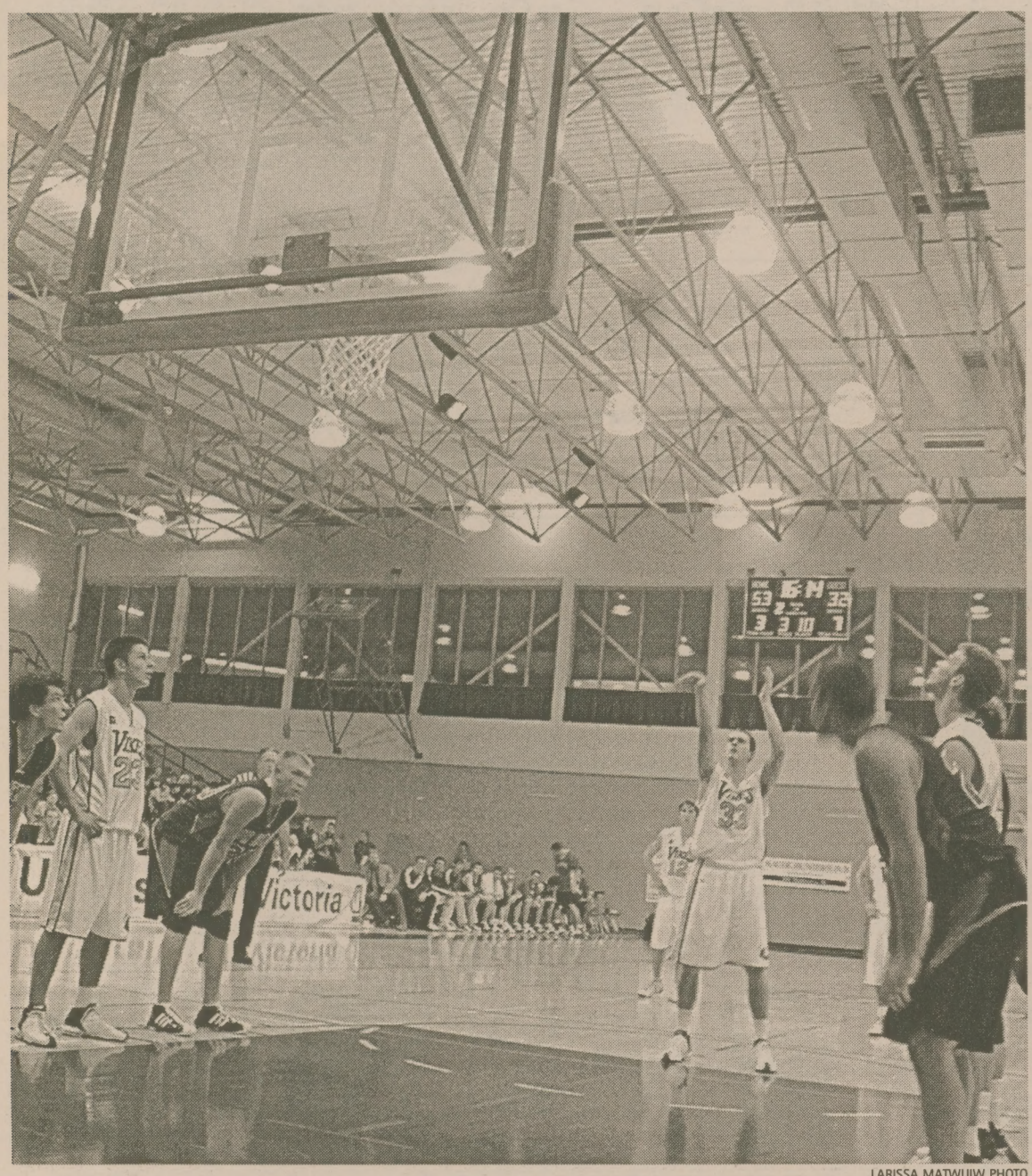

LARISSA MATWIJIW PHOTO

The Cariboos could only watch as the Vikes men's basketball team scored at every opportunity. But minor adjustments still needed for opener Nov. 5.

Vikes men's b-ball shoot down University College of the Cariboo

by David Karp

The UVic men's basketball team won its first home exhibition game of the year Friday, with an easy 90–65 triumph over the University College of the Cariboo (UCC) Sun Demons. The Vikes sunk the first basket and then never fell behind.

The Sun Demons did look determined early on though. Sporting extremely glittery, gaudy black and white sneakers, they managed to tie the score at six.

But that was the closest they would get. By missing an easy breakaway layup in the first half, UCC guard Jon Turner revealed their inexperience. The only highlight of the evening for the Cariboo came when seven-foot-tall Gregory Stewart, playing with a prosthetic left arm, excited the crowd with the only dunk of the first half.

Having not played in six days, UVic looked rusty off the mark. But their superior skill was quick to take over. UVic finished the first half with a 35—25 lead, shooting 41 per cent from the floor.

Before the second half UVic came out of the locker room five minutes early to warm up and started it on fire.

Chris Trumpy netted eight points for the Vikes in a span of 18 seconds, creating a dominating 53–31 lead. After netting a three-pointer, Trumpy intercepted an inbound pass and swiftly put up two more. He followed quickly with another steal and sunk yet another three-pointer. Trumpy was virtually unstoppable, leading the Vikes with 31 points for the night.

With three minutes left, Tyler Hass put the Vikes up 88—59. With a monstrous dunk coming off a breakaway, Hass squashed all hopes of a Cariboo recovery.

Early in the second half, both teams ran into foul trouble. But UVic was able to make the most of their free throw opportunities, sinking 88 per cent, while the Sun Demons only made 58 per cent.

"What went wrong? We played a very good team tonight," Sun Demons coach Nevin Gleddie said. "They execute very well. [UVic coach Craig Beaucamp] has done a good job of bringing his team together with some young players."

Vikes coach Craig Beaucamp was not as complimentary, noting UVic's 31 turnovers during the match.

"I wasn't too happy with our performance," he said. "We were unfocused at times. We turned the ball over too many times under pressure. We've got a lot of young guys who aren't used to playing under pressure, and we've got to get better at that."

The Vikes now head out on the road, playing in a tourney at the University of Lethbridge from Oct. 28 to 30. They also open the regular season Nov. 5 at the McKinnon gym against Lethbridge.

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VOLUNTEERS WANTED

Considering Volunteering?
Give something back to your community, while having a great time doing it. Here at Recreation Integration Victoria we facilitate active lifestyles for people with disabilities. If you can spare 1-2 hours a week you may have the opportunity to change someone's life. To get involved or for more information, please call Danielle at 477-6314.

ON CAMPUS

VIPIRG's Urban Agricultural Comittee is hosting an exciting workshop on seed saving. This is a free, hands-on workshop featuring local organic farmer, Rebecca Jehn. Monday Oct. 25, 5p.m. in SUB B025. Space is limited so please register via email agriculture@vipirg.ca

What Can I Do With a Degree in____?
This workshop will show you how to search the net for work ideas related to your degree. Next workshop is Thurs. Nov. 4th from 10:30 a.m. -12 p.m. Cost is $5.00. Drop by Career Services (Campus Services Bldg rm 110) or call 721-8421 to book now.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Victoria Shakespeare Society and Theatre Mommy Inc. Presents "Hamlet" Directed and Adapted by Adrienne de Souza. From Oct. 22- Nov. 13 at Camosun College-Landsdowne Campus Young Building, Gibson Auditorium. Ticket prices $8/$11 and $6 Sunday Matinees. Box office (250) 721-8480 or www.victoriashakespearesociety.com

Victoria Writers' Society's monthly meeting Wednesday, November 3, 2004, 7:15 p.m., new horizons centre, 234 Menzies St., guest speaker Maggie DeVries, childrens' books editor/writer and author of "Missing Sarah." More information at www.victoriawriters.org or contact 385-3766.

Greater Victoria Police Choir. An organization comprised of Police Service and Commnity Members who give freely of their time to promote harmony, good will and to provide a better understanding between the police and the public, as well as to improve fraternal relations among the police services of the Greater Victoria. This choir is internationally renowned. Friday, Oct. 29 at 7:30 p.m. at St. Saviour's Anglican Church, 310 Henry Street, Third Rt. off the Bay Street Bridge.

Victoria Hindu temple presents an exciting evening of dance & music "Diwali 2004." Oct. 30 at 7 p.m. at University Centre. Tickets: $10, $8 children (under 12).
Contact Usha Agarwal for tickets: 384-1521.

Good-Hearted Volunteers Needed!
At Recreation Integration Victoria we facilitate active lifestyles for people with disabilities. By making only a small time commitment, you could have the power to change someone's life. Looking for volunteers to provide one-on-one assistance for people with disabilities in a recreational setting. To get involved or for more information, please call Dustin at 477-6314.

MENTORS NEEDED
Mentor an elementary student 1 hr/week. Play games, sports, make crafts, read and cook. For more info. call Bonnie at Big Brothers Big Sisters 475-1117, ext. 46.

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POOL TABLE - Not slate top. Felt is in great shape. Two cues, billboard and snooker balls. $200 obo. 721-2523
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Smith Corona XD 4800 English/French Word Processing Typewriter, with 75,000 word Dictionary, in A1 condition. Includes extra ribbon, metal typewriter table and Living French Language Course all for $100. Contact Eric Dowse at eedowse@shaw.ca Phone 592-9766 or FAX 592-9763.

HEY YOU!

Hey Tinner, next time I will eat the chocolate mousse off your body, I promise. Love Straddavinsky.

Chloe, I'm in love with Lucy and all of Britney's dark and evil artwork. Dancer, dump him, you know everone wants your hot ass. Kisses, A.

Oh, Luigi. We barely knew you. Rest in peace. At least we still have your creepy head left to watch over us. Passing judgment. Telling me to burn things. Make it stop! OH! MAKE IT STOP!

You: cute, dorky glasses. Me: scraggly hair. Us: meet by the fountain Saturday at noon?

Hey you. In the happy jumper. Next time don't just walk your classy professional looking ass bye. I'm hot for teacher, so join me for a beverage. Gary.

Hey you. All you tree huggin' hippies. What's your beef with concrete and pavement. You got a problem with industry or something?

Hey you, Mr. Puky Pukerton, puking in the toilet. That was my foot you puked on, asshole. Go get yorself a breathmint will yeah!

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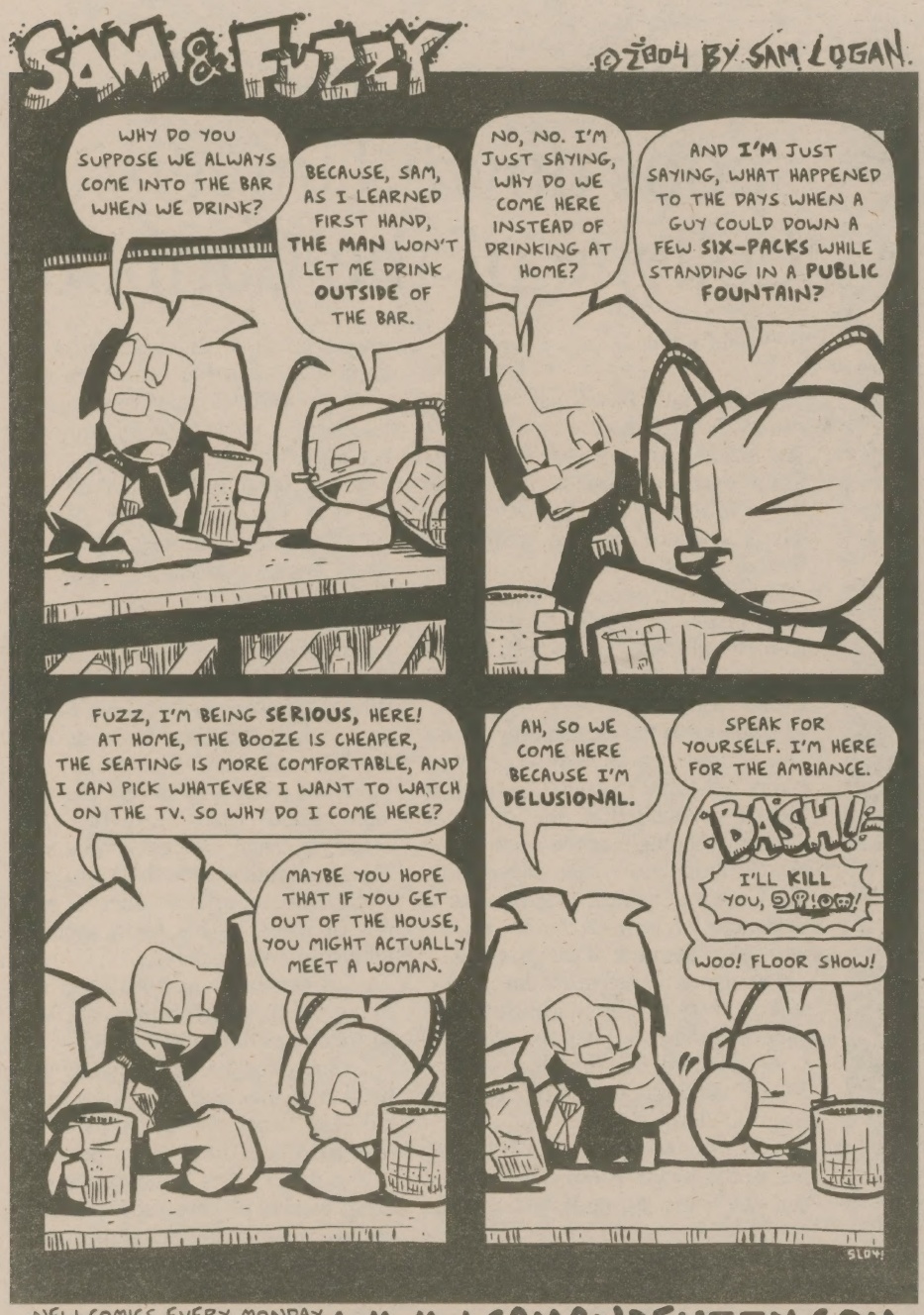
Hey you! | free


SAM & FUZZY
©2004 BY SAM LOGAN.
WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE WE ALWAYS COME INTO THE BAR WHEN WE DRINK?
BECAUSE, SAM, AS I LEARNED FIRST HAND, THE MAN WON'T LET ME DRINK OUTSIDE OF THE BAR.
NO, NO. I'M JUST SAYING, WHY DO WE COME HERE INSTEAD OF DRINKING AT HOME?
AND I'M JUST SAYING, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DAYS WHEN A GUY COULD DOWN A FEW SIX-PACKS WHILE STANDING IN A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN?
FUZZ, I'M BEING SERIOUS, HERE! AT HOME, THE BOOZE IS CHEAPER, THE SEATING IS MORE COMFORTABLE, AND I CAN PICK WHATEVER I WANT TO WATCH ON THE TV. SO WHY DO I COME HERE?
MAYBE YOU HOPE THAT IF YOU GET OUT OF THE HOUSE, YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY MEET A WOMAN.
AH, SO WE COME HERE BECAUSE I'M DELUSIONAL.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF. I'M HERE FOR THE AMBIANCE.
BASH!
I'LL KILL YOU, DUDE!
WOO! FLOOR SHOW!
SLOY!

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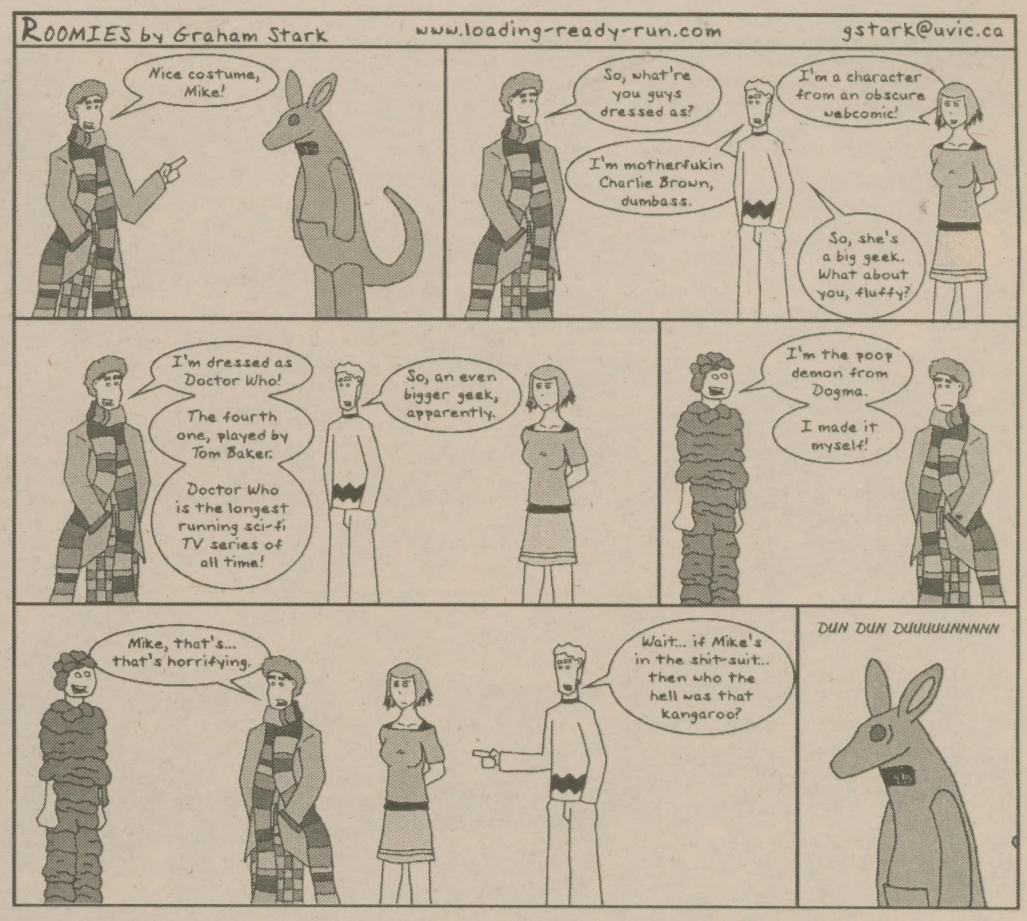
ROOMIES by Graham Stark
www.loading-ready-run.com
gstark@uvic.ca
Nice costume, Mike!
So, what're you guys dressed as?
I'm motherfukin Charlie Brown, dumbass.
I'm a character from an obscure webcomic!
So, she's a big geek. What about you, fluffy?
I'm dressed as Doctor Who!
The fourth one, played by Tom Baker.
Doctor Who is the longest running sci-fi TV series of all time!
So, an even bigger geek, apparently.
I'm the poop demon from Dogma.
I made it myself!
Mike, that's... that's horrifying.
Wait... if Mike's in the shit-suit... then who the hell was that kangaroo?
DUN DUN DUUUUUNNNNN

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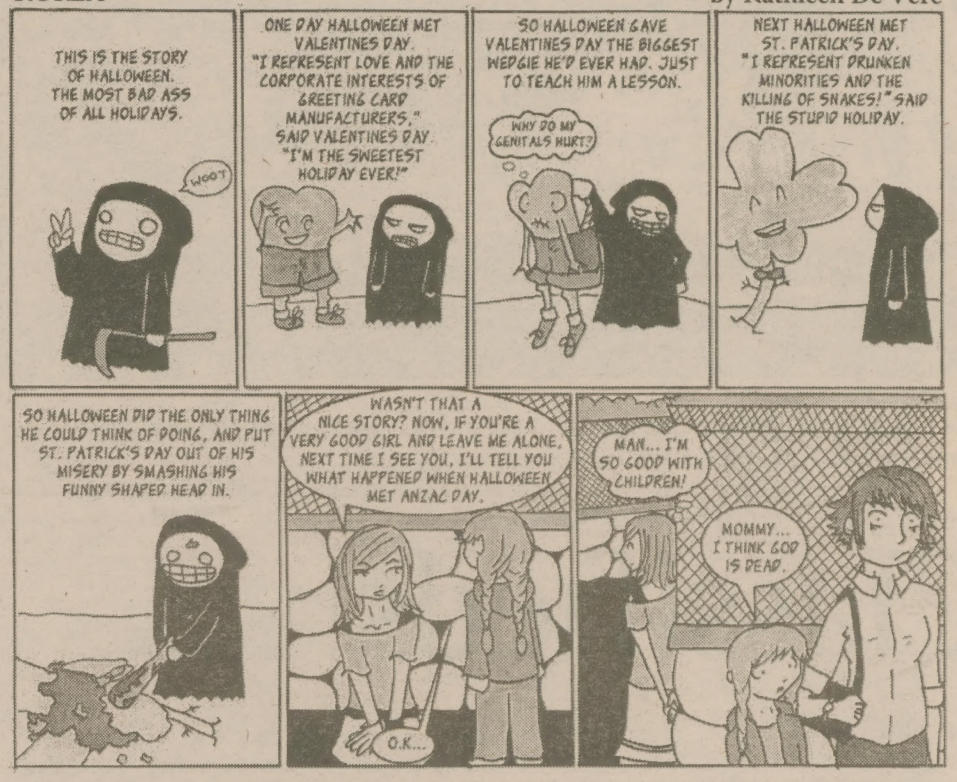
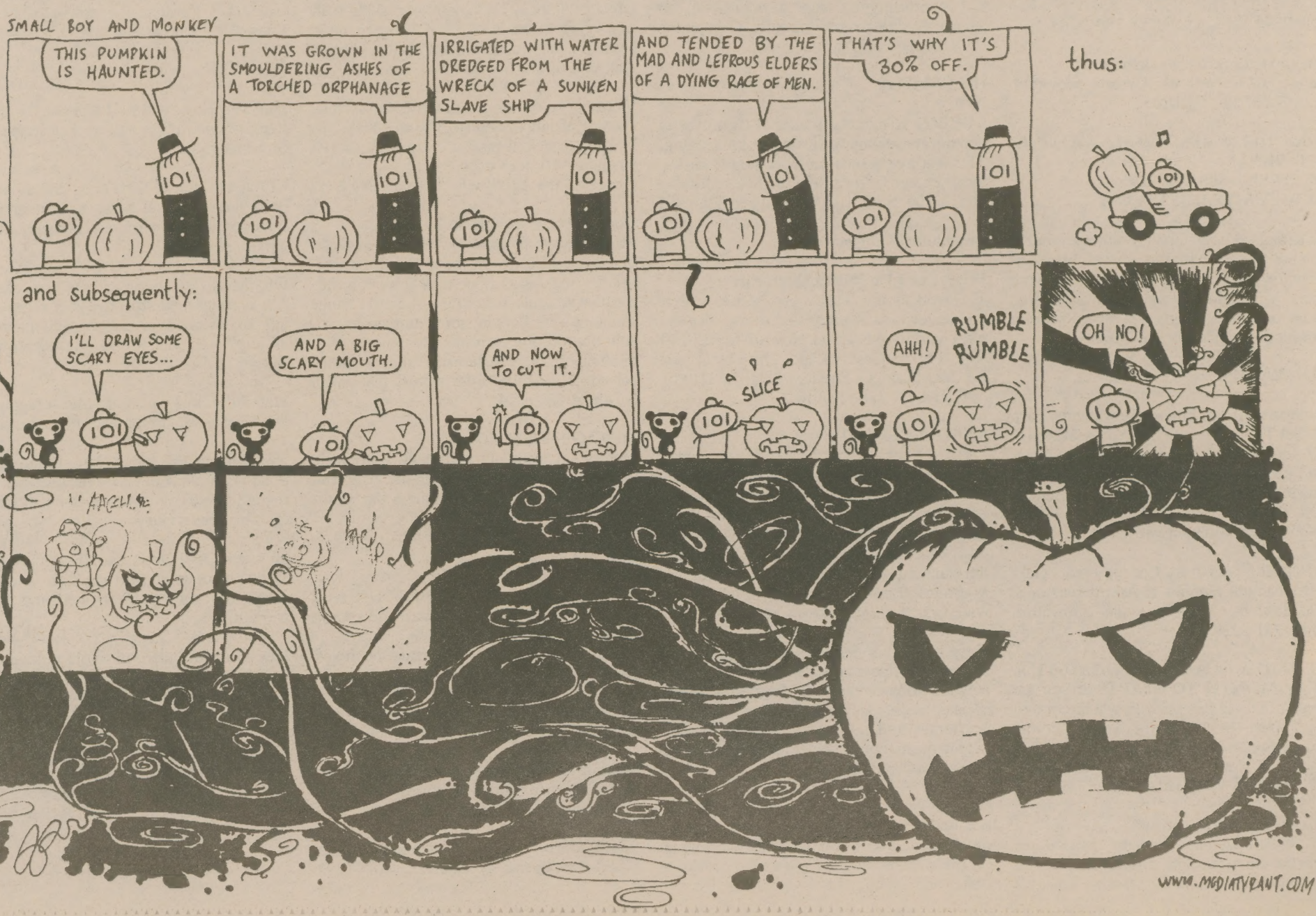

KOREA
by Kathleen De Vere
THIS IS THE STORY OF HALLOWEEN. THE MOST BAD ASS OF ALL HOLIDAYS.
WOO!
ONE DAY HALLOWEEN MET VALENTINES DAY. "I REPRESENT LOVE AND THE CORPORATE INTERESTS OF GREETING CARD MANUFACTURERS," SAID VALENTINES DAY. "I'M THE SWEETEST HOLIDAY EVER!"
SO HALLOWEEN GAVE VALENTINES DAY THE BIGGEST WEDGIE HE'D EVER HAD. JUST TO TEACH HIM A LESSON.
WHY DO MY GENITALS HURT?
NEXT HALLOWEEN MET ST. PATRICK'S DAY. "I REPRESENT DRUNKEN MINORITIES AND THE KILLING OF SNAKES!" SAID THE STUPID HOLIDAY.
SO HALLOWEEN DID THE ONLY THING HE COULD THINK OF DOING, AND PUT ST. PATRICK'S DAY OUT OF HIS MISERY BY SMASHING HIS FUNNY SHAPED HEAD IN.
WASN'T THAT A NICE STORY? NOW, IF YOU'RE A VERY GOOD GIRL AND LEAVE ME ALONE, NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HALLOWEEN MET ANZAC DAY.
O.K...
MAN... I'M SO GOOD WITH CHILDREN!
MOMMY... I THINK GOD IS DEAD.


SMALL BOY AND MONKEY
THIS PUMPKIN IS HAUNTED.
IT WAS GROWN IN THE SMOULDERING ASHES OF A TORCHED ORPHANAGE
IRRIGATED WITH WATER DREDGED FROM THE WRECK OF A SUNKEN SLAVE SHIP
AND TENDED BY THE MAD AND LEPROUS ELDERS OF A DYING RACE OF MEN.
THAT'S WHY IT'S 30% OFF.
thus:
and subsequently:
I'LL DRAW SOME SCARY EYES...
AND A BIG SCARY MOUTH.
AND NOW TO CUT IT.
SLICE
AHH!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
OH NO!
AAGH!
help
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